The Mound
1921

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Signatures of My Friends

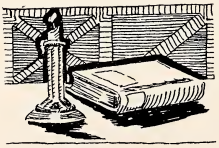
THE MOUND

VOL. XIII 1921

Foreword

TO those who have known the Mound in the past, and to those who see it for the first time in this volume, the Editors wish to state: first, that this is the first edition that has been published since 1918; second, that this is the first edition that was ever published by the student body as a whole, all others having been published by the Senior Normal Classes.

We wish to thank all those who have contributed in any way to this Mound. And with these few words we leave this book to speak for itself as best it can.



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THE SCHOOL WE ALL ADORE

11589

PROFESSOR WALTER BARNES, A.B., A.M.

Dedication

To Professor Walter Barnes, a much esteemed member of our faculty, we, the students of the Fairmont State Normal School, dedicate this book, a realization of our efforts.

Walter Barnes

Walter Barnes is one of the most popular teachers of our Normal School Faculty. Altho born in Barnesville, Ohio, most of his life has been spent in West Virginia where he is a highly esteemed teacher and citizen.

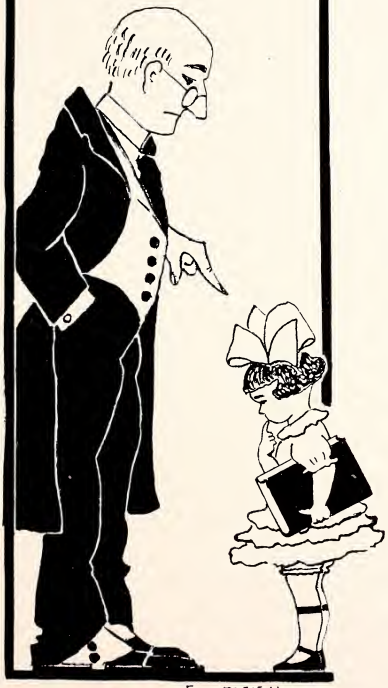
Mr. Barnes was educated in the common schools and in West Virginia Conference Seminary. He received his A. B. from W. V. U. and his A. M. from Harvard.

He has not only taught in graded and rural schools and in Glenville and Fairmont Normal Schools but also in W. V. U., Pitt., the University of Pennsylvania and the State Normal School at Towson, Maryland. He has held several important educational offices. At present he is the president of the State Education Association, special advisor in English to the State Board of Education and Vice-president of the Fairmont State Normal School.

Mr. Barnes' work is not confined to West Virginia alone. For several years he has been a correspondent of the "English Journal." That he has a national reputation is evidenced by the fact that he has been chairman of important committees in the National Education Association and the National Council of Teachers of English. He is also known as an author. Among his writings are: "English in the Country Schools" and "Types of Children's Literature." He has also edited several books, among them "The Crisis" by Churchill. The course of study in English adopted by West Virginia schools was written by him.

The Normal School may well be proud to claim Mr. Barnes as a member of the faculty.

FACULTY



Sara M Watts

FARMVILLE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY

JOSEPH ROSIER
President

FAIRMONT
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
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WALTER BARNES, A. M.
Assistant to the President. Head of Extension Department and English Department.

FRANCIS SHREVE, A. M.
Head of Education Department.

E. L. LIVELY, A. M.
Agriculture and Biology, Director of Short Course.

JESSIE B. ICE, A. B.
Training School Supervisor.

FRANK S. WHITE, A. B.
Instructor in Education.

MORRIS K. TURNER, Ph. D.
Head of History Department.

DORCAS PRICHARD, A. M.
Instructor in History.

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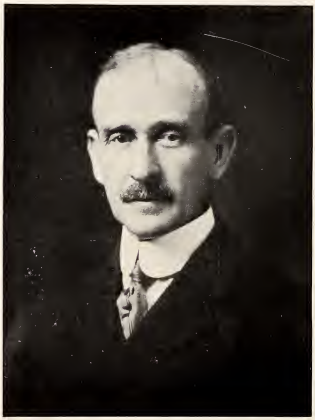
MRS. N. R. C. MORROW, A. M.
English



E. E. MERCER, A. B.
Mathematics

ETHEL ICE, A. B.
Languages

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Domestic Science

VIOLET NOLAND, B. S. H. E.
Domestic Art

LAURA BRIGGS
Drawing

CATHERINE BELTZHOOVER
Music

MONT.
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
LIBRARY

RACHEL TOIVENEN
Physical Education

FRANCES DOWD
Music

JANE CONKLIN ASHCRAFT
Secretary

MRS. EMORY F. McKINNEY
Librarian

Our teaching staff is an especially good one. As you have no doubt noticed, most of the instructors have degrees in their own line of study. Our faculty is noted as one of the best in all of the Normal schools of the country and we have a right to be proud of it.

MONT.
RMAL SCHOOL
BRARY.

Mound Staff

Editor in Chief ..... Henry Ferguson
Business Manager ..... Clalie Ervin
Assistant Editor ..... Linn Hall
Assistant Business Manager ..... Thomas Springer

Associate Editors

Literary ..... Ruth Ross
Organizations ..... Lucille Gunlach
Sport ..... Lazier McGee
Jokes ..... Frances Hanley
Art ..... Sara Watts
Feature ..... Isabella Tabler
Secretary ..... Frances McCray

THE MOUND STAFF

SENIORS

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY

Senior Normal Class

Color ..... Gold
Flower ..... Sweet Pea
Motto ..... "We lead, others follow."

Class Officers

President ..... Ruth Shough
Vice President ..... Ruth Ours
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Gladys Snyder
Social Chairman ..... Anna Crawford

Senior Normal Class History

During the early part of June, 1919, when several young people began to decide definitely upon the path which they were to follow in life, teaching evidently occupied a great many minds. As a result, many students from various counties of West Virginia decided to attend one of the best educational institutions in the state—the good old F. S. N. S.

When the doors of the Fairmont Normal School were opened for the fall term in September, 1919, a crowd of ambitious boys and girls enrolled for work in the Junior Normal class. Soon Doctor Turner had us in working harness, and all was going well. There was not a shirker among us and when the second semester closed June 10th, 1920, some fifty students had finished the Junior Normal work.

Sept. 10, 1920, we returned to school but it was almost a new place. The dignified seniors were gone and we were to take their places. Dr. Turner was no longer to keep our feet from straying, but a new class officer stood with a kind heart and willing hands ready to help us over the stile into the fields of better and higher educaion. "Pa" Shreve deserves special mention, for no person could have had greater influence upon our future life than he. His broad educational views and high ideals will ever be in our minds during our future work.

The Senior Normal Class contained good material, as evidence shows. The student body president during 1920-21, belonged to our class and the Y. M. C. A., Glee Club, and the two literary socieies also owe much to us. The greater part of the Bulletin Staff and the Y. W. C. A. president belonged to our class. As for workers, evidence is strong in our favor.

When the warm sunshine of early summer brightens this old earth, June the ninth, nineteen hundred twenty-one, we shall receive our reward. We shall then bid our class-mates and teachers good-by, go to our various places, and do still more toward lifting education to a higher plane and making our dear old Alma Mater proud of us.

(N. M. H.)

Senior Class Poem

Is there a little deed of love
That should be done
To make the world a brighter place
More full of fun?

Is there a friend who needs
A helping hand
To guide him past temptation
And for right to stand?

Is there some service to be rendered
Great or small
That everlasting good
Will be for all?

That's just what we are here for
Everyone.
Just ask a senior
They'll no duty shun.

EDYTHE M. HESS

Worthington, W. Va.

Lyceum, Y. W. C. A., Pres. Student Body, Ath. Ed. Bulletin, Student Council, Basketball.

Here's a girl that loves to tease
But just as much she loves to please,
So with a combination of the two
She surely ought to go straight through.

ANNIE LAURIE CRAWFORD

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum Soc. Ch. Sr. N. Class.

And they claim that Annie Laurie
Gave someone her promise true.

LULU HAMRICK

Rivesville, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

A love for domestic affairs has she
The qualities for a good wife to be.

IONA POTTER

Baxter, W. Va.

A smile for everyone, a frown for none.

HAZLE MORRIS
Kingwood, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Let's make some candy, is Hazle's cry,
For if we don t I know I'll die,
This Lent for me is quite too long,
You don't suppose it would be wrong?

LULU GOODE
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Soc. Service Y. W. C. A.
Too good to be true.

RUTH MUSGROVE
'Ruthie"
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Ruthie is a sweet jolly girl, the sort that wins the heart of a man without a struggle.

NETTIE HAWKINS
Rivesville, W. Va.

Ed. in Chief Bulletin.

She never puts off till tomorrow what she can do today.

MARY STURM
Viropa, W. Va.
Lyceum, Y. W. C. A.
All that glitters is not gold.

MARGARET DUCKWALL
Berkeley Springs, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A.
Not blustering, but firm and confident in ourselves.

MARY FRUM
Fairmont, W. Va.
Mozart, Joke Ed. Bulletin.
None know her but to praise her.

RETHA JACKSON
Weston, W. Va.
Independence will always win.

JESSIE FULLER

"Jess"

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

To be great is to be misunderstood.

WILLIAM FORTNEY

Fairmont, W. Va.

"Bill"

Lyceum.

Bill is quite slim and tiny
Gay headed and light of tread
We lost her at mid-year
And to Buckhannon she went instead.

GLADYS SNYDER

Morgantown, W. Va.

"Happy"

Critic Lyceum, Sec.-Treas. S. N. Class.

There was a young lady called Happy
Who dolled herself up awful snappy
And one brieht fine day
From Clarksburg they say—
Well, anyway Happy's quite happy.

MARY IRENE STANHAGEN

Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Ch. Program Committee, Y. W. C. A.

Irene is a most cheerful creature
But what she craves most is a preacher,
If she isn't soon wed
We fear she'll drop dead
For she swears she'll not be a teacher.

JOHN WILLIAM DAVID AMMONS
Mannington, W. Va.

"Johnny"

Mozart.

I love tranquil solitude and such society
As is quiet, wise and good.

LUCILLE LOUGH
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY

EDNA ELLIS HARDEN
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Dreaming, she hears not, neither does she see.

HUGH B. SHAWHAN
Hepzibah, W. Va.

Mozart.

He is large in stature and he has the same kind of heart.

DORA GIFFORD
Lost Creek, W. Va.

Dora believes in the motto
"Seen but not heard."

NELLIE HAWKINS
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

For a jolly companion nobody can beat her.

GRACE PRICE
Mannington, W. Va.

Gone but not forgotten
But just gone a little way.

NELLIE WISE
Fairmont, W. Va.

Her cheeks are like roses
Her smiles quite sweet.
She's "Wise" enough to teach
But oh! so petite.

GLADYS PIGOTT
Worthington, W. Va.

Her best man's name is Nutter.
He sure is some fast cutter.
When it comes to flowers and candy,
Gladys thinks he comes in handy.

VELDA NOLAND
Davis, W. Va.

Mozart, Pres. Y. W. C. A., Student Council.

This girl is a regular scout,
Just ask the students round about,
And see if they won't all agree
To the words written here by me.

IRENE VINCENT
Haywood, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.
Her ambition is to sell programs at the Tournament next year.

MARY IOLA STEWART
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.
Personality alone expressed in eyes of brown.

MYRA MARTIN
Monongah, W. Va.

Myra is a true friend to all her classmates.

GLADYS WATKINS
Hoult, W. Va.

Treas. Mozart, Vice-pres. Y. W. C. A, Bus. Mgr. Bulletin.

Always willing to help a good cause along.

SUSAN GIBSON
Gregory, W. Va.

Lyceum, Y. W. C. A., Ass't. Librarian.

All she asks is to be let alone.

ZARA LEONORE GARRETT
Hastings, W. Va.

"Zarrie"

Lyceum, Basketball.

The only basketball star of which the Normal boasts.

DOROTHY G. THORNE
Rivesville, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Why then, does she walk as if she had swallowed a ram-rod?

MARY RUTH SHOUGH
Hundred, W. Va.

Lyceum, Treas. Y. W. C. A., Pres. Sr. N. Class, Gen. Editor Bulletin, Student Council.

This lunch line is two miles long,
Yet I hear the same old song,
Spaghetti, pickles, lemon pie,
It's a wonder to me they all don't die.

ROXIE BUSH
Cox's Mills, W. Va.

Mozart, Basketball.

Many term her an all-around girl
And she is, without a doubt
One of the few we all pick out.

RUTH ROSS
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Y. W. C. A., Lit. Editor Mound.
Stately and tall she moves through the hall
The chief of a thousand for grace.

MAE POE VINCENT
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

More fortunate than most of us are,
She rides every day to school in her car.

EVA SPRINGER
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Always happy, with a smile for all.

RUTH OURS
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Y. W. C. A., V. Pres. Sr. N. Class.

She says it's "Ours;" not yours.

EUPHA PRUNTY
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Sec. Y. W. C. A.

A charming wife for some good man.

NAOMI BRAND
Mannington, W. Va.

She blushes—all is safe.

NELLIE GRIMM
St. Marys, W. Va.

Nellie Grimm, proper and trim
Came all the way from St Marys.
She'll get all the A's if we don't mend our ways,
Unless, from her course she varies.

SARA ANN STEPHENSON
Weston, W. Va.

Lyceum, Y. W. C. A.

Her only dissipation is looking for the postman.

RUTH MORRIS
Enterprise, W. Va.

Lyceum, Y. W. C. A.

Pretty and sweet, dainty and neat,
Just to be a friend of hers is a treat.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY

RUTH FEATHER
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Social Chairman. Y. W. C. A., Basketball.

Her second name is the Gym.

MARGUERITE GILHARDT
Fairmont, W. Va.

If there's a way she'll find it.

LOUIS GIFFIN
Fairmont, W. Va.

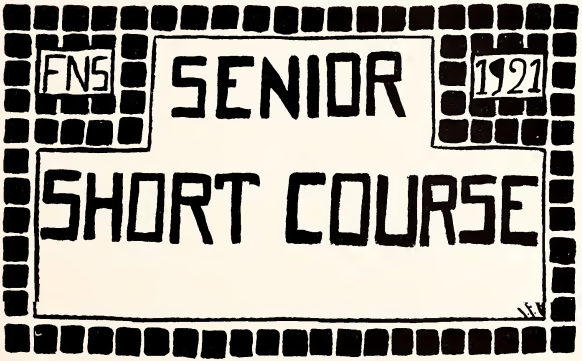
Lyceum, Pres. Sr. Ac. Class, Student Council, Basketball.

He hasn't even smiled for fifty million years.

MARY STURM
Enterprise, W. Va.

Lyceum, Basketball.

Her dark hair and brown eyes exactly coincide with Linn's description of his ideal.


FNS
SENIOR
1921
SHORT COURSE

Senior Short Course Class

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Marguerite Stanley

Vice President ..... Marie Berry

Secretary and Treasurer ..... Frances Hanley

Social Chairman ..... Mildred Ridgway

Senior Short Course History

As Armistice Day, November 11, 1919, will always be remembered in the history of the world, so September 14, 1920, will be remembered as the entrance of the Short Course Class of twenty-one to Fairmont State Normal School.

Our first impression of the school was, Girls! Girls! Girls! Here, there, and everywhere. We felt sort of disappointed at not seeing many boys, but, after meandering up and down the halls, looking over the situation, we decided to register.

After a long process of making our slips we were sent to our class officer. He was very jolly and good-natured and made us feel as though we were welcome and a part of the Normal School. Our schedules were arranged and Oh, my! classes from 8:10 to 4:30! but we thought if we were going to school here we must do as they do here.

At 8:10 on Wednesday morning we assembled in Mr. White's room for our first class. Of all the subjects we had to study! Principles of Education, Child Study, School Management, How to Teach! Who ever heard of so much in connection with teaching?

But the worst was yet to come: "Practice Teaching." It is very simple to sit back and watch the teachers at the White School teach but when one has to do it, it is very different. After all this we decided the world was full of surprises, and there wasn't any use to worry and complain.

But lo and behold! the only two boys in our class came up missing. We don't know what became of them unless they were frightened at the sight of so many girls. But with the usual Short Course spirit, we faced even this calamity.

After we had become somewhat settled, a meeting of our class was called for organization. After a long conflameration, Marguerite Stanley was elected President, Marie Berry, Vice President, and Frances Hanley, Secretary. Our class is very congenial and are among the most popular students of the school. But we have one grievous fault and that is when the class is having a meeting we all want to talk at once and a conclusion can never be reached.

SENIOR SHORT COURSE HISTORY

The second semester of school two new members were added to our class: Miss Georgia Spriggs and Mr. Garrett Hunt.

My! but Mr. Hunt is popular with our class! The girls all hurry to class in order to sit next to him. Mr. White, our teacher of educational subjects, is very popular with our class and is ever ready to stand by us and encourage us in all our undertakings.

The members of our class excel along different lines.

When it comes to arguing, Frances Hanley gets A. Whether she has actual fact or not, she has the last word and comes out on top. Mildred Ridgeway and Alice Crim sail into Mr. White's room like a tornado and make a fifty yard dash for their seats before Mr. White can mark tardy on his little green book. Here is what we are noted for:

Gertrude Cunningham, for her long elaboration of subject matter.

Bernice Carpenter, for giggling when the rest of us are trying to convince Mr. White we know our lesson.

Marie Berry, for her sweet disposition.
Eliza Bracey, for her convincing manner.
Georgia Spriggs, for her ease of manner.
Avilda Thompson, for vamping the boys.

Marguerite Stanley, for her wonderful advice to the Short Course Class.

Mrs. Boatman, for her wonderful recitations.

And last but not least, Garret Hunt, for his interesting stories of his home town. Our class, you can see, is very small, but what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality.

Whatever our class undertakes, they accomplish and the State of West Virginia will have ready for work next fall many capable teachers.

The success of the class is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Lively and Mr. White and we hope to work hard to achieve success so that we may not only be a credit to Fairmont State Normal School but to the generation we are preparing to serve.

MARY CATHERINE CONNER, '21.

MARGUERITE STANLEY
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Prcs. Senior Short Course Class.

There is Miss Marguerite
They say she is clever and neat
A class president, why yes
With her the seniors are blessed
She always does her work complete.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY

ELIZA CATHRINE BRACEY
Morgantown, W. Va.

Lyceum, Athletic Board.

A merry, good-natured girl, who is liked by all.

BERNICE CARPENTER
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Student Council.

All the qualities of a good teacher,
Need we say more?

MARJORIE STANLEY
Fairmont, W. Va.

One of our Spring buds.

MARGARET ALICE CRIMM
Barracksville, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Silence best speaketh the mind.

MARIE BERRY
Wyatt, W. Va.

Lyceum, Vice Pres. S. C. Class.

Another fair damsel that has a craving for the sea.

MILDRED RIDGWAY
Parrackville, W. Va.

"Mitt"

Mozart, Soc. Ch. S. C. Course Class.
Her face was like a blessing.

GEORGIA SPRIGG
Sutton, W. Va.

Quiet till you know her, but then you look out.

MARY CONNER
Huntington, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Never could such wit and humor
Anywhere else be found.

MRS. LEAFY BOATMAN
Fairmont.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Always quiet but ever willing to do more than her share.

FRANCES HANLEY
Benwood, W. Va.

"Hanley"

Lyceum, Sec. & Treas. S. S. C. Class. Joke Editor Mound, Girls' Cheer Leader.

Your chaperone says, "O, Hanley, dear,
Be careful what is that I hear,
You use far too much slang I fear,
You say ! ! ! ? ? ? ?

GERTRUDE CUNNINGHAM
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Her heart beats to the tune of
"Others come first."
What else need be said?

J. W. SANTEE
Mannington, W. Va.

Senior Normal.

Oh, that shy little look!

AVILDA THOMPSON
Davis, W. Va.

Short Course.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

ARBAN TARLETON
Watson, W. Va.

Senior Academic, Mozart, Vice Pres. Sr. Ac. Class, Basketball.

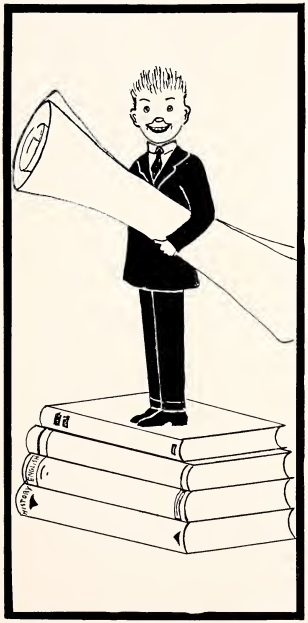
Oh Cupid! how weary are my spirits!

GARRETT HUNT
Burton, W. Va.

Senior Short Course, Mozart, Basketball.

A rose among thorns (in the Short Course Class.)

SENIOR



ACADEMIC

Sara M Watts'

Senior Academic Class

Color ..... Green and White
Flower ..... Lily of the Valley
Motto ..... Carry On

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Louis Giffin
Vice President ..... Arban Tarleton
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Mary Linn

Senior Academic Class

Every class has a history. The Senior Academic Class has one that any class should be proud of.

The members of the Senior Academic Class, or at least a number of them entered the Normal in the fall of 1917. As Burns would say, they were "shy, timorous beasties." From the first stage, they passed to a more serious stage, the sophomore stage. Then they were Juniors and next grave and reserved Seniors.

One secret of the success of the Junior class was the lending of a helping hand to the different members of the class by Mr. Rogers. Whenever a Senior was in trouble all he would have to do was to tell his troubles and Mr. Rogers would mend matters.

With the Motto "Carry On" they started the year and they have been "carrying on" ever since. They might have carried on in some ways that would have been to a better advantage than in the way they did, but they lived up to their motto.

Many students that were in the '21 class dropped out of school, some on account of sickness and others because they thought they could do better elsewhere.

The students when Freshmen started out to win fame in the Normal School. Now as Seniors they see their accomplishment. The Senior Academics are leaders in the social affairs of the school. Some are active members of the Literary societies, Young Women's Christian Association, and all other organizations of the school. The Senior Class was well represented in athleics. The Minstrel, which was given in March, had several members of the Senior Classes and profited by them. Nearly all the Seniors helped in the Student relief fund and in the Chinese relief fund.

As the members have reached graduation time and the roll is called there are ten students that have remained in school and can answer "Present."

Senior Academic Class of '21

The Senior class of twenty-one
To the school is a credit, I say;
Had students ten, and flunkers none,
To them studying seemed as play.

When graduation day arrived
And credits were being found,
Every Senior went floating by,
In the river of Flunk, none were drowned.

A class member whose name was Joy
They called her Allman too,
Was studious and in classes bright;
To her name and school was true.

Dessie Goodwin to school came next,
Although a little late;
With Mary Lynn for grades secured
Those of a higher rate.

Beulah and Emzie, the Robinson girls
In all their classes did shine;
When the grades were given, I say they got
Close to the head of the line.

Patrick Fahey the Irishman
In Latin reached his mark.
Arban Tarleton; Well I should smile
In psychology was a shark.

The history wizard, Mr. Shaw,
In arguments took his part.
In Mathematics Louis Giffin
Pleased Mr. Mercer's heart.

Finis; at the end of the line
Came that slim Charles Durrett;
Some say he studied a little,
The most that he bluffed his way.

With the advisor, Mr. Rogers,
The class colors green and white,
And the motto "Carry On"
To Alma Mater bid Goodnight.

Bud.

McKINLEY SHAW
Colfax, W. Va.

Lyceum.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child;
When I became a man, I put away childish
things."

DESSIE GOODWIN
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Quiet and good, you'd scarce know she was
about,
But jolly as anything when you know her.

BEULAH ROBINSON
Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Neat in the morning,
Neat at night,
Neatest girl we find in sight.

JOY ALLMAN
Cox's Mills, W. Va.

A quiet studious girl in whom we find no
fault.

CHAS. C. DURRETT
Kingmont, W. Va.
"Bud"

Lyceum, Basketball.

When it comes to dry wit,
Bud's on the job.

PATRICK FAHEY
Camden, W. Va.
"Pat"

Lyceum, V. Pres. Student Body.

Just enough Irish to have a twinkle in his eye.

MARY LINN
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Sec.-Treas. S. Ac. Class.

A man, a man, my kingdom for a man!

EMSIE ROBINSON
Shinnston, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Good goods always come in small packages.

HELEN A. BISHOP
Grafton, W. Va.

She claims that Grafton has Pittsburgh backed off the map (when it comes to smoke).

FLOY ALLMAN
Cox's Mills, W. Va.

Floy Allman, a good sport.

FLOSSIE G. YOHO
Howard, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest, Yoho-ho and a bottle of rum."

MARY STANLEY
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Quiet and retiring.

HERSCHEL K. RUST
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

LINN V. HALL—Junior Normal
Fairmont, W. Va.

Pres. Lyceum Lit. Society, Asst. Editor of Mound, Student Council, Basketball, Normal Lecture Course.

Small, with dark hair and big brown eyes. That's Linn's idea of an ideal girl.

HEARL HARDEN—Junior Normal
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart.

'Tis men like me that make the world go 'round.

DAISY CROSS—Sr. Academic
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

ADAM McQUAIN—Sr. Academic
Orlando, W. Va.

Worldly wisdom is his.

TIMOTHY VANDERGRIFT—Sr. Academic
Hammond, W. Va.

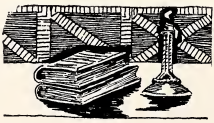
Then he will talk—Ye Gods, how he will talk.

JUNIOR NORMAL

Junior Normal Class

CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... Albert Knight
Vice President ..... Sara Watts
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Eunice Kelly
Social Chairman ..... Genevieve Hess



Junior Class History

On September the tenth, nineteen hundred twenty, the Junior Class of the Fairmont State Normal School entered on its adventures in this institution of learning. We came from far and near, some preparing for teaching and others for college work.

After a few days we became accustomed to the big building and the Ph. D.'s, by Christmas were well on the way to success. We soon organized our class, electing as our officers very diligent workers.

Early in the season an informal reception was given the Juniors by the Senior Class. This was to make us acquainted with our teachers and fellow students. It proved very successful.

A few of our Junior Normalites decided that the Normal was far too advanced for them, and have one by one closed their books and silently stolen away. Although this lessened our enrollment, the majority of our best students are still among us.

LOUGH-COLLINS, '22.

THE JUNIOR NORMAL CLASS.

The Fairmont Normal Juniors
Are full of pep and fun
Next year we'll all be Seniors
And then the race is run.

The Juniors are a classy bunch
They know most everything,
With lots of go and lots of punch
They make the Normal ring.

We come from various places,
Not one particular town;
But we're the wisest Juniors
That ever hit the ground.

We'll see from some great teachers,
And doctors, lawyers, popes;
A few will turn out preachers—
And therein lies our hopes.

So here's to Normal Juniors
The best class ever known
We'll do our best in college
And then have sense to loan.

LOUGH-COLLINS, '22.

JUNIOR NORMAL SONG.

Tune of W. & L. Swing.

It's F. N. S. the school we all adore
We cheer for her first, last and evermore,
But we as Juniors love her all the more,
And we will yell and boost as in the days of yore.
This is the song of Juniors and the school
And we will always keep the golden rule,
That in the Normal we are just a tool—for the school
F. N. S.

H. SUTTON SHARP AND L. V. HALL.

ANNA BOGDONOVICH
Davis, W. Va.

Mozart.

Here's a girl whose quiet manners have won her a warm place in the hearts of all her fellow students.

HELEN F. RYAN,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

As sweet as the day is long.

SAM KREIDER ROCK
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Cheer Leader, Basketball.

Take my advice, don't let your studies interfere with your social affairs.

PANSY BAKER
Pullman, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

If it wern't for Alta, what would Pansy do?

THOMAS E. SPRINGER
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Tom"

Critic of Lyceum, Assistant Business Manager of Mound.

For expert advice, go to Tom.

VIRGINIA HAWKINS
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Ginia"

Lyceum, Y. W. C. A.

Her bark is worse than her bite.

ERNEST L. STEWART
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Ernie"

Mozart, Asst. Business Manager Bulletin, Vice President Athletic Association, Asst. Director M. V. Tournament, Basketball.

As a business manager Ernie is right there. During the Basketball Tournament and Minstrel, he proved his worth in that capacity.

MARY TURKOVICH
Monongah, W. Va.

"Turk"

Lyceum, Basketball.

All the Monongah boys are kickin'
She talks Turkey, they want chicken.

MARY E. PARRILL
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum, Sec. Bulletin, Basketball.

We fear she'll join the Navy,
For she's crazy about an "Admiral."

DOROTHY BROCK
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.

IRENE HORNOR
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Rene"

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

This maiden with such gay bright looks
Divides her time between music and books.

ISABELLA TABLER
Mannington, W. Va.

"Izzy"

Treas. Lyceum, Feature Editor Mound, Basketball.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

ALTA LURANA CLAYTON
Pullman, W. Va.

"Tiny Go Lightly"
Mozart.

Laugh and be fat.

BESSIE ESTELLE AMMONS
Mannington, W. Va.

Sec. Mozart.

Her ambition is to make thirty in Psychology to Mr. Shreve.

MARY SCRANAGE
Grafton, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Mary is full of fun, she mixes fun and work together in such a way to make both enjoyable.

ELEANOR McELROY
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

RUTH BANFIELD
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

She and Irene are fond of music in "pairs."

VERA ROBINSON
Shinnston, W. Va.

Mozart.

Vera is one of our quiet girls. She is kind, unselfish and liked by everyone.

OLIVE AUGUSTA BRAND
Mannington, W. Va.

Lyceum.

She does her work well, and she does it quietly.

JOSEPHINE MAPLE
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Jo"

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Hang sorrow; care will kill a cat.

GAY HUGHES
Shinnston, W. Va.

A mighty hunter, her prey is a man.

MARGARET CAROLINE WILHELM
Broomfield, W. Va.

"Bill"

Lyceum.

Absolutely no kin to the Kaiser.

ANNA VIRGINIA LEWIS
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Cicero"

Lyceum.

If you whistle she'll come to you.

ACHSAH ALMIRA McCOY
Farmington, W. Va.

Lyceum.

I saw, and loved.

AILEEN CLELLAND
Fairmont, W. Va.

Aileen is wild about spring,
Because there's a "Bud" on every tree.

FRANCES McCRAY
Fairmont, W. Va.

Critic Mozart, Sec. Mound.

Her chief delight is pounding a typewriter for the Mound staff.

LUCILLE GUNDLACH
Mannington, W. Va.

"Jim"

Lyceum, Organization Editor Mound, Y. W. C. A., Basketball.

Queen Rose of the rose-bud garden of girls.

SUTTON SHARP
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Strangler"

Pres. Mozart, Asst. Editor Bulletin, Student Council.

A regular fellow. If any one can edit a Bulletin better than he can, we want to see him.

SARA WATTS
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Sarey"

Mozart, Art Editor Mound, Sec.-Treas. Student Body, Vice Pres. Junior Class.

Sara has a little car
She runs it very well
But she's afraid to take a man in hand
'Cause you can't sometimes always tell.

LAZIER McGEE
Meadowbrook, W. Va.

"Maggie"

Vice Pres. Mozart, Sport Editor Mound, Athletic Board.

He had a broad face and a little round "tummy"
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of rummie.

AUGUSTA MENEAR
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

She's so very quiet
That we really do fear
That most of the boys
Never know she is here.
But give her a chance
And you'd be surprised
There's a world full of meaning
In a pair of blue eyes.

CLALIE ERVIN
Nutter Fort, W. Va.

Lyceum, Business Manager Mound, Sec. Athletic Association, Visitor Junior Class, Student Council.

Our most popular student and one who is not afraid to work.

HENRY GRADY FERGUSON
Waynesboro, Va.

"Fergie"

Vice Pres. Lyceum, Editor in Chief Mound. Pres. Athletic Association, Student Council, Basketball.

He has shown his ability as an editor, in his work on the Mound.

RUTH ELIASON
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Ruthie"

Mozart, Y. W. C. A.

Pretty to talk with, witty to walk with and pleasant to think upon.

PAULINE BOGGESS
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Polly"

Lyceum.

Time and tide wait for no mortal,
But lo! Is not a knight waiting for her?

GENEVIEVE HESS
Mannington, W. Va.

"Gen"

Lyceum, Social Chairman Junior Class, Student Council.

A cut diamond.

ALBERT KNIGHT
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Lord Helpus"

Mozart, Pres. Junior Normal Class, Basketball, Student Council.

Every man meets his Waterloo at last.

WILLA COLLINS
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

Chief occupation, tickling the ivories.

LEONARD ROMINO
Fairmont, W. Va.

"Shoe Tack"

Mozart, Basketball.

He slipped, and the Normal scored two points.

AILEEN POLING
Fairmont, W. Va.

Lyceum.

While there's life there's hope.

Spring Term Students

Along with the numerous indications of a revival in the interests of better teaching you have been getting throughout the pages of the Mound there is yet another to bring to your attention.

All through the school year our thoughtful faculty have been wondering how many teachers in the various parts of the state would answer to the call of "better prepared teachers," and come back to try to solve and work out the many problems which they met in their teaching. The faculty knew that if they could see many teachers coming in to freshen up their teaching ability, after a year of conscientious school work, it would indicate the right spirit among our West Virginia teachers. They waited anxiously for the spring term arrivals. Needless to say they were not disappointed. We came forty-one strong—not only strong in number but strong in school spirit and enthusiasm. We have definite problems to solve which we met in our teaching and we go after the solutions in a spirit that spells victory.

Another fact which looks good for the school is the number who are planning to finish their standard course. The following ones are working to accomplish this:

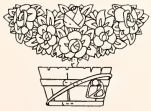
Olive Reese
Anna Bock
Edna Parrish
J. W. Santee
Mable Masters
Hazel Reed
Beatrice Crane
Pearle Arnett
Mae Talkington
Ruby Moore
Nelle Dunham
Wanda Morgan
Nelle Straight
Lucile Hennen
Edna Shough
Crystal Watson
Anna Underwood
Madge Michael

Taken as a whole class you will find them good workers and loyal supporters of the "better teachers' movement" in West Virginia.

Spring Term Students

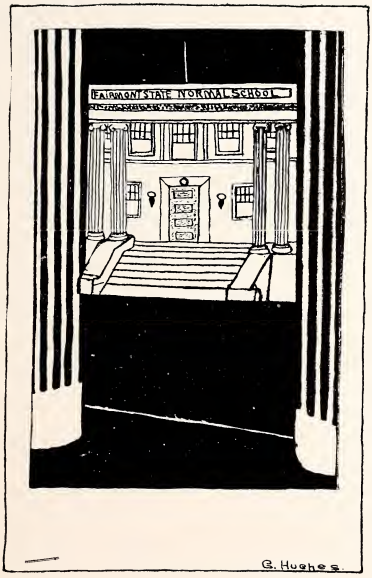
ROLL

Name.	Address.
Arnett, Veda Pearle	Mannington, W. Va.
Bock, Anna	Farmington, W. Va.
Bryner, Frankie	Worthington, W. Va.
Brady, Jas. Zell	Fairmont, W. Va.
Cline, Leah	Elizabeth, W. Va.
Cowan, Margaret	Fairmont, W. Va.
De Barry, Mary	Terra Alta, W. Va.
Dinnin, Lucy	Petroleum, W. Va.
Dunham, Nelle	Williamson, W. Va.
Gibson, Katherine	Grafton, W. Va.
Hawkins, Wilma	Fairmont, W. Va.
Hennen, Lucile	Mannington, W. Va.
Jannsen, Rose	Buckhannon, W. Va.
Kincaid, Mary	Little Falls, W. Va.
Lambert, Louise	Grafton, W. Va.
Lambert, Minta	Pruntytown, W. Va.
Leach, Emma	Grafton, W. Va.
Lott, Phyllis	Jenkins, K.
Leaman, Kate	Fairmont, W. Va.
Moore, Ruby	Wallace, W. Va.
Masters, Mable	Littleton, W. Va.
Morgan, Wanda	Porter's Falls, W. Va.
Michael, Madge	Fairmont, W. Va.
Parrish, Edna	Fairview, W. Va.
Price, Grace	Mannington, W. Va.
Reese, Olive	Farmington, W. Va.
Roberts, Odger	Hundred, W. Va.
Reed, Hazel	Mannington, W. Va.
Swisher, Lettie	Catawba, W. Va.
Santee, J. W.	Mannington, W. Va.
Straight, Nellie	Grant Town, W. Va.
Stanley, Marjorie	Benton's Ferry, W. Va.
Shough, Edna	Hundred, W. Va.
Tennant, Sallie Elizabeth	Rivesville, W. Va.
Talkington, Mae	Hundred, W. Va.
Underwood, Anna	Fairview, W. Va.
Vogan, Mable	Mannington, W. Va.
Wilson, Amanda	Elizabeth, W. Va.
Watson, Crystal	Metz, W. Va.



TEACHER TRAINING CLASS

These students are training for teachers at the B. L. Butcher School.



ORGANIZATIONS

Y. W. G. A.

Color ..... Royal Blue, White
Flower ..... White Carnation

OFFICERS

President ..... Velda Noland
Vice President ..... Gladys Watkins
Secretary ..... Eupha Prunty
Treasurer ..... Ruth Shough
Program Chairman ..... Irene Stanhagen
Social Chairman ..... Ruth Feather
Social Service ..... Lulu Good

Y. W. C. A. Roll

Velda Noland
Gladys Watkins
Eupha Prunty
Ruth Shough
Ruth Feather
Lulu Goode
Irene Stanhagen
Elma Shreve
Ruth Ross
Sara Stephenson
Ruth Ours
Nettie Hawkins
Mary Iola Stewart
Ruth Morris
Ruth Musgrove
Ruth Shough
Margaret Knight
Irene Vincent
Myra Martin
Mrs. C. E. Boatman
Nellie Hawkins
Susan Gibson
Margaret Duckwall
Irene Horner
Dessie Goodwin
Pansy Baker
Hazle Morris
Virginia Hawkins
Ruth Eliason
Helen Ryan
Ruth Banfield
Mary Scranage
Ruth Hamilton
Eleanor McElroy
Josephine Maple
Flossie Yoho
Aileen Poling
Gertrude Cunningham
Edythe M. Hess
Lulu M. Sturm
Alice Crim
Lucille Gundlach

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss M. D. Prichard, Faculty Advisor
Mrs. N. R. C. Morrow
Mrs. E. F. McKinney
Miss L. E. Briggs
Miss Beltzhoover
Miss Dowd
Miss Virginia Gaskill
Miss Jessie Ice
Miss Ethel Ice
Miss Violet Noland

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. of F. S. N. S. has stood out as one of the most prominent and wide-awake organizations in the school this year.

At one of the Cabinet meetings they pledged themselves to try to interest the girls of the school in Y. W. C. A. activities by having interesting programs. In carrying out this plan Mrs. N. R. C. Morrow was engaged to give a series of Bible lectures thruout the school year. The first weekly meeting in the month has been a Bible lecture; the second a regular program; the third, a Bible lecture, and the fourth, a business meeting.

At the beginning of school the Association gave a weiner roast at Woodland Park. The purpose of this outing was to enable the students to become better acquainted with each other. It was a most enjoyable affair, not only by the students but the faculty as well.

Miss Catherine Halsey, student secretary of Ohio and West Virginia, was at the Normal during the week of October the eighth.Miss Prichard the faculty advisor, and the Cabinet members entertained Miss Halsey and the Y. W. C. A. members with a buffet supper at Miss Prichard's home on Ridgely avenue. Miss Halsey talked to the girls about the "New Membership Bases." After a discussion of it, a vote was taken and our Y. W. C. A. voted for the adoption of the new bases.

By the diligent work of the Membership Committee many new members were received into the Association before the Christmas vacation. As is customary, the Christmas program was prepared and given by the Y. W. C. A. A Christmas mantle and a Santa Claus, with gifts for everyone, was one of the surprises.

The money-making affairs this year have been numerous. The girls did the catering at one of the spring parties. During the month of December a box supper was held in the gym. When the Monongahela Valley Basketball Tournament was held here in February the girls of the Y. W. C. A., under the direction of Miss Gaskill, of the Domestic Science department, served the tournament folks their meals. Thruout the year the girls have sold chocolate bars to the other students of the school. They have earned a considerable sum of money in these ways.

Our Association has tried to promote friendliness, school spirit, and loyalty among the students; and, looking back over the school year, we feel that this aim has been accomplished.

EUPHA PRUNTY, Secretary.

EAST VIEW OF FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR

YALE MEDICAL SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Student Body Officers

Color ..... Yellow and White
Flower ..... Daisy
Motto ..... Optimum Et Plurimum

OFFICERS

President ..... Edythe Hess
Vice President ..... Patrick Fahey
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Sara Watts
Social Chairman ..... Margaret Knight
Cheer Leader ..... Sam Rock
Assistant Cheer Leader ..... Frances Hanley

UPPER LEFT—EDYTHE HESS; UPPER RIGHT—PATRICK FAHEY; LOWER LEFT—SARA WATTS; LOWER RIGHT—MARY M. STURM.

Student Body

In 1911 the Student Body Constitution disappeared. For ten years, the Student Body as an organization has been drifting along over the paths of least resistance and was really not a definite organization.

The first official act of the officers elected for the year 1920-21 was an attempt to make the Student Body a real organization with a definite purpose, by having a constitution by which the organization may be guided. A committee appointed by the president to draft a new constitution has placed this document in the hands of the Student Body officers and it is now ready for adoption.

The Student Body publications are THE BULLETIN and THE MOUND. Both publications were discontinued during the war period, and were not revived until this year. The BULLETIN was formerly published in magazine form once a month, but it now appears in newspaper style, twice a month. This year is the first time THE MOUND, the school annual, has been published as a Student Body project, as it was formerly published by the Senior Classes.

The Student Body this year gave three parties: The Fall and Spring receptions and the Hallowe'en party. These social affairs are controlled and financed by the Student Body, and are under the direction of the president and social chairman.

In the matter of donations the Student Body this year has been especially prominent. The sum of $277.00 was contributed to the Child's Feeding Fund, in answer o the appeal made by Mr. Hoover through the Literary Digest. The organization also contributed to the European Relief the amount of $108.25. These figures include faculty donations. Many other donations have been made through the various organizations within the Student Body.

Altogether, the work of the Student Body this year has been very successful. By our revival of the old Student Body organizations and publications, and our earnest work along every line we have paved the way for a better Student Body organization next year.

EDYTHE HESS, '21.

Mozart Literary Society

Color ..... Old Gold, Blue
Flower ..... Pansy
Motto ..... Adipiscimur lucem dilabi.

OFFICERS

President ..... Sutton Sharp
Vice President ..... Lazier McGee
Secretary ..... Bessie Ammons
Treasurer ..... Gladys Watkins
Critic ..... Frances McCray

The Mozart Literary Society

The Mozart Literary Society as it now exists was organized in Mr. Barnes' English five Class on November 16, 1921. This is just a revival of the Mozart society, that until a few years ago existed in the Fairmont Normal School since 1875.

The Society this year has been a success. It has more than sixty wide-awake and talented members, who have used this talent to give many interesting programs, both musical and literary.

Every Mozarter is proud to be one. This is shown in the ever loyal spirit of the members, the way they cheered and waved their colors in the winning Mozart-Lyceum basketball game this season, and the zeal by which this society, with the cooperation of the Lyceum, staged the Minstrel, one of the biggest and best productions ever given in a Fairmont School.

The much-coveted silver wreath now hangs in Lyceum hall, but we have high hopes of bearing this token of victory and talent to the Mozart hall this spring after the inter-society contest.

FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY

Lyceum Literary Society

Color ..... Yellow and Green
Motto ..... Sic Itur ad astra

Officers

President ..... Linn Hall
Vice President ..... Henry Ferguson
Secretary ..... Edith Hite
Treasurer ..... Isabella Tabler
Door Keeper ..... Louis Giffin
Critic ..... Gladys Snyder
Critic ..... Thomas Springer

Lyceum Literary Society

The Lyceum Literary Society is almost as old as the Normal School itself. Until 1872 there were no literary societies in the Normal School. In this year an organization was formed under the title of the "Fairmont Normal Literary Society." The purpose of the society formed was for "mutual improvement in rhetoric, composition, oratory, parliamentary usage, general mental culture, and vocal delivery." Mr. H. D. Clark was chosen as first president of this society. The programs consisted of essays, declamations, orations, and debates.

At first no visitors were admitted except by vote of the society, and no ladies were admitted until November, 1875. The society met at first on Saturday afternoons, but in 1878 the time of meeting was changed to Friday night. This remained the meeting time until this present year when it was decided to change to Thursday night.

The name of the society was changed to the Normal Lyceum on January 30, 1875. The first public performance of the society was given June 13, 1874. The first contest between the Lyceum and Mozart societies was given on the night of June 16, 1875.

Each year until 1919 a contest between the two societies has been held and much friendly rivalry and interest have been shown. Society night during the commencement season has always attracted a great deal of attention. The alumni of the school always enjoyed coming back to attend the contests. The winning side always held a great celebration immediately following the contest. The silver wreath, which becomes the property of the winning society for the next year, has adorned the walls of the Lyceum hall more often than it has those of the Mozart, but the latter society has always put up a gallant fight for it. The wreath now hangs in the Lyceum hall, and we hope that it will be there at the beginning of another year.

The conditions brought about by the war and the subsequent changes in the student body caused interest in the literary societies to wane, and from 1919 to 1921 the societies were not organized and no contest was held.

This year a few students, who were fortunate enough to have been here while the societies were a vital element in the school, felt it would be a good idea to have the societies reorganized under the old names. Sentiment was soon strong in favor of this, and with the approval of the faculty the work of reorganization was completed.

A canvass of the school was made, giving each society a chance to get members. The Lyceum won in this, having secured several more members than the Mozart.

The time of meeting was changed from Friday night to Thursday night, as we have so many non-resident students who go home for the week-ends. The meetings this year have been interesting and helpful. The societies have met every two weeks, and once in a while joint meetings have been held. They do not conform exactly to the original purpose of the society, as more stress seems to be now laid on the musical side of the programs. Both vocal and instrumental music are much in demand.

Up until this year the contest has consisted of a debate, oration, and reading. It might be well to add a musical number this year, as this would be new and also give a little more variety to the contest.

We feel the contest this year will rival all others for interest and enthusiasm, and of course the wreath will remain in Lyceum Hall.

S. A. S., '21.

The Re-Birth of Mozart and Lyceum

Listen my readers, and you shall hear
Of a great occurrence at Normal this year.
It happened one morning, November sixteen
When a group of students both bright and keen
Met and decided 'twas time to begin
A revival of Mozart and old Lyceum.

Mozart and Lyceum, as perhaps you may know,
Were literary societies of long ago
Who lived and thrived in F. S. N. S.
And made things lively around here, I guess.
But for some reasons, it's hard to tell what,
A few years ago they died on the spot.

Until now they had been resting quite well in peace;
But the time had come when this rest should cease.
With steady efforts and interest profound
The society traditions were searched for, and found.
Then at ten o'clock one November morn
Mozart and Lyceum were suddenly re-born.

With efforts so great that 'tis hard to explain
The Mozart and Lyceum spirits did gain
And strive with the heart of each lad and lass
In Mr. Barnes' ten o'clock English class.
There was lots of struggle and fighting within
As the spirit of each society tried to win.

As the struggle was ended in each member's heart,
There were nine for Lyceum and eleven for Mozart.
Then with solemn faces fitting the time
Each group met and formed itself into line.
With officers the groups were made complete
And Mozart and Lyceum were again on their feet.

Suddenly in the quiet and intense hanging pall
That is always prevalent in the Normal hall
There arose a great shout with much feeling and vim,
"Lyceum! Lyceum! she always will win!"
Then closely following there came the shrill call,
"Mozart! Mozart!" which rang through the hall.
Thus you can see two societies re-born
All on a beautiful November morn.

GLADYS M. WATKINS.

THE ART ROOM

Bulletin Staff

Editor in Chief ..... Nettie Hawkins
Assistant Editor ..... Sutton Sharp

Reporters

Athletic ..... Edythe Hess
Social ..... Betty Martin
Jokes ..... Mary Frum
General ..... Ruth Shough
Business Manager ..... Gladys Watkins
Assistant Business Manager ..... Ernest Stewart
Secretary ..... Mary Parrill
Faculty Advisor ..... Walter Barnes

TOP ROW—H. SUTTON SHARP, ERNEST STEWART; LOWER ROW—RUTH SHOUGH, EDYTHE HESS, NETTIE HAWKINS, GLADYS WATKINS.

The Fairmont Normal School Bulletin

We feel proud of the rejuvenated "Normal School Bulletin," believing it to be one of the best school papers published in this state.

We have aimed to make this strictly a school newspaper, publishing only the news that is connected with the school. This paper differs from the former issues of "The Bulletin" in that it is not a magazine containing stories, and other literary productions of the students but instead, it endeavors to lay before the students the activities of the school.

We believe that the work has been well done this year. With each publication we mail about four hundred copies to different schools in West Virginia. Besides this we have a special mailing list of a number of alumni and other interested friends.

We will always look back on the year of 1920-21 as one of the most successful years in the publication of the "Normal School Bulletin."

Normal Lecture Course

The Normal Lecture Course was a success this year as it always has been in the past. The numbers this year were all worthy of praise and every season ticket holder received full value for the nominal price they paid.

Herbert Leon Cope opened the Course this year with a lecture full of the best kind of humor. The Leiter Light Opera Company was here November eleventh with a program of Light Opera music which pleased the small but appreciative audience. Edwin M. Whitney, the great interpreter of modern plays, entertained the largest crowd the course drew all year with a reading of the play, "Hit the Trail Holiday." This was Mr. Whitney's third appearance in Fairmont and it probably will not be the last. The Lilioquakalani Hawaiian Quartette made a favorable impression as the fourth attraction. Dr. Frank Bohn was scheduled to talk on subjects of world importance on February ninth, but it was impossible for him to be here and he sent his brother to fill the engagement. Sam Grathwell, a young man who worked his way through college and found a place in life, wound up the program for 1921 with a lecture on "Getting Rid of Your Hoodoo."

Another excellent course has been arranged for next year. The attractions will appear in the order named: Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, a lecturer on modern questions; Sam Lewis Company, a musical company with Sam Lewis, the noted Welch tenor; Henry and Company, a magician and a sand painter; Tom Skeyhill, a lecturer. Mr. Skeyhill has the distinction of raising twenty-three million dollars in twenty-three minutes for the Red Cross. Roosevelt said of him once, "I would rather speak on the same platform with Tom Skeyhill than any other man I know." Margaret Stall closes the 1922 season with a reading of the great play "Abraham Lincoln."

Committee in charge of Normal Lecture Course:

Mr. Lively, Faculty Manager; Linn Hall, Chairman; Ruth Ours, Irene Vincent, Sam Rock, Alice Crim.

WEST VIEW OF FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR.

The Minstrel

The Normal Literary Societies presented, on the ninth and tenth of March, a minstrel—"Oh Listen Here," which was a great success. Mr. Fred Doringer and Mr. Douglas Fleming were secured to produce it. Both Mr. Doringer and Mr. Fleming have had experience along this line and they trained the students. Mrs. Fleming directed the dancing.

This minstrel was given in order to reduce the high cost of the "Mound." It was under the business management of Ernest L. Stewart.

The minstrel opened with several selections of rag-time, by the Kiwanis Jazz Orchestra. Other numbers on the program were impersonations, fancy dancing, short, humorous sketches entitled "Lost and Won" and "The Haunted House," and several "gags" given by the end men, besides many solos which were delivered in a very effective manner. The chorus was made up of girls, all of whom were good singers.

The minstrel as a whole showed much careful preparation and plenty of pep. The audience was not as large as expected on Wednesday night, due, no doubt, to the bad weather. The house was well filled on Thursday night and the minstrel seemed to be very much enjoyed.

In addition to reducing the cost of the "Mound," the minstrel afforded the participants much pleasure. Lunches were often served after practice and there was a social hour for all who wanted to remain.

THE FASHION PLATE MINSTREL

The Fashion Plate Minstrels

FIFTY MINUTES OF
MIRTH AND MELODY

Black Aces

Sam Rock	Arban Tarleton	Sutton Sharp	Henry Ferguson
Linn Hall	Thomas Springer	Louis Giffin	Chas. Durrett

Vocalists

Betty Martin	Pauline Boggess	Mae Poe Vincent	Virginia Lough
Josephine Maple	Willa Collins	Francis Hanley	Mary Sturm

Clark Brown

MASTER OF CEREMONY
WALTER CORBIN
As They Are Called

Opening Chorus	Entire Company
"My Gee Gee"	Sam Rock
"No Wonder I'm Blue"	Betty Martin
"Mouth Full of Kisses"	Josephine Maple
"Rebecca"	Sutton Sharp
"My Mammy"	Clark Brown
"That Old Irish Mother of Mine"	Misses Bozgess, Sturm and Collins
"Somebody's Baby"	Henry Ferguson
"Mary Old Pal"	Mae Poe Vincent
"Snap Your Fingers at Care"	Francis Hanley
Grand Finale	Virginia Lough and Company

MODELS

FRANCIS HANLEY	VIRGINIA LOUGH	EVA SPRINGER
PAULINE BOGGESS	JOSEPHINE MAPLE	VIRGINIA HAWKINS
BETTY MARTIN	EDITH HITE	MARY STURM
MARY STURM	WILLA COLLINS	ZARA GARRETT
LUCILLE LOUGH	ANNA LEWIS	ELIZA BRACY
MAE VINCENT	IRENE STANHAGEN	MARIE BERRY
FRANCIS McCRAY	EUPHA PRUNTY	DAISY CROSS

ERNEST STEWART, Business Manager.

DIRECTORS

FRED DORRINGER DOUG. FLEMING

MRS. DOUG. FLEMING

LITERARY

The Duke's Daughter or Prince of Wales Foiled

By Ching W. Lardmore.

Your kind editor has been writing to me ever since I left Fairmont and he has told me how you missed my enlightening articles in your paper. I am so glad. You know as the English would say I have been beastly bored and I have been longing for your approval of my written word.

First I will tell you of some of the horrid manners of the English people. You see I have already acquired some of the English words. In fact I write all my articles in English.

During my stay in London, I was invited out to a dinner party that was given by the Duke of Devilshire or something and I accepted with great pleasure. I had read in one of the pictorial sections of the Sunday paper that the Duke had a most beautiful daughter and of course to prove it they had her picture right above what they said about her. She was some Jane. She had brown eyes and black hair. Well the whole picture looked sort of brown but that was just the color of the ink but she really did turn out to have brown eyes and black hair. The only trouble was, she was engaged to some Prince guy. Prince of Wails I believe. Well there is nothing like a little competition so I packs up my grip and bundles up my throat so as not to catch the grippe and sets out for the Devilshire Towers. After an hour or so on those toy trains that they have over there the conductor sticks his head in and says that this is where I get off. So I politely tells the lady whose child is sittin' on my grip that this is where I get off and the child must also. She tries to argue a while but finally understands that what I mean is get off the grip and then she is all right and the kid gets off and then I get off the train.

I hadn't been off the train very long when a bright looking young man stepped up to me and says, "Are you Mr. Lardmore?"

"Yes," I fires back at him, "And who may you be?"

"I am Prince Wails," says he. Which leaves me all in a sweat and sort of flabbergasted.

The Prince is a good sport however and does not notice my gruff manner. He merely guided me around to his car and we are on our way to the Devilshire Towers before I had time to talk and believe me that is some record. During the ride to the Towers the Prince gets real friendly and I find he is a real clever chappie, having a remarkable knowledge of American sports and ladies. I pumps him a little and soon has his full confidence. He tells me of his affair with the Duke's daughter and I listens to this dreadful tale of woe.

It seems the Prince had met the young lady while he was in school at Oxford or some of the big schools. Anyway he was sorely smitten with her and he was sure that she was likewise. He had arranged to be in that section of the country since school was out and had become almost a member

of the Duke's family. The big trouble now was that he was sure that the Duke wanted him to marry his daughter in order to get his money. As a final fling the girl had refused to marry him because of her father's attitude.

In telling me all this it developed that I was the only one who had ever been told and it looked to me as if I was to be the goat. It was evidently my duty to persuade the lady to marry the Prince and forget about the money. Of course the Prince was rich, the old man having kicked off leaving he and his big brother with quite a sum. All Prince Wails cared for was the girl that was plain.

All this information was given to me during this ride to the Devilshire Towers and when I descended at the front door I felt like the invading enemy about to take the candy from the baby. Almost simultaneous with our arrival was the gushing greeting we received by the Duke himself. The way he come out shoutin' Hello and some more of those words—I thought he was going to kiss me but he only shook my paw and offered me a swell cigarette. He said it was imported. I think it was a Camel. Of course he doesn't slight the Prince. He greeted him as if he was his lost son although he had seen him but an hour before. He was after the money that was sure. He must have seen my boiled front and took me for a banker otherwise I would have been out in the cold as far as his hospitality was concerned .

We all went in the house or one of the Towers although I didn't see any towers, and smoked those wonderful cigarettes. The Duke kept telling about America and all the time displaying a wonderful ignorance. Pretty soon we hear a light tripping on the stairs or somewhere and in hops or runs or glides, I don't know which, the sweetest little girl I ever seen. Oh Boy! She was just like her picture and I knew right away I would have a hard time persuading her to marry the Prince when I was right there and eligible myself. I was of course correctly introduced and I wished I was in France then cause I wanted to kiss her hand but I didn't and had to be satisfied with merely touching it.

Well, the conversation went on and I told them some funny stories in my clever way and they all brought a laugh from the company. It seemed I was the center of amusement so I told them of my trip to the South Sea Islands where I was castaway for five years. Of course the girl, whose name developed to be Gwendolyne shortened to Gwen, asked what did I eat during my five years while castaway. Then I had to explain how I was sailing on a steamer loaded with cigarette papers and how enough of these papers which are made of rice was washed ashore so that I could have enough to plant and thus I had plenty of rice to live on while castaway. About this time the big guy with the nice hair around the sides and the stiff up in the air walk, walked in and announces that the dinner is ready and we all make a rush for a good place where we can have a good elbow room and plenty of reaching distance. It so happened that found myself after the struggle sitting beween Gwen and her Pa. As soon as we are all well seated Pa gets up and suggests that we all drink to my health. Well they all gets up and so does I and then they all laugh. After drinking several glasses of the Duke's very fine wine I loosens up and tells them the story about how I won the International Snip Huntin' contest. I makes a great hit with that one and was well into another one when they serves us the second course which must be a short order from the looks of what I got on my dish. It don't take me long to eat it and so I continues with my other story which is about my experiences in Africa taming the Jazz Indians. Well it isn't long before the dinner is over, I should have said lunch. We then goes into the drawing room and chews the end of a couple of cigars to stay our appetites till the next lunch. The Prince ain't been saying much

till now and he begins talking politics which I don't understand and Gwen has a look of digust on her face so I invites her to sit with me in the swing on the porch. My idea was to persuade her to rush in and fall on the Prince's neck and tell him she will fly with him at once.

It takes me some time to get started but soon I was on the royal road and was slinging her all the big words I knew and how any man could love her and how I had fallen in love from just looking at her picture. I then told her what a good man the Prince was and how devoted he was and all about him. I expected she knew it all but it wouldn't hurt her to hear it again. Just when I was about half through with this elaborate recital of the Prince's merits, she looks at me and says, "What are you talking about?"

"Your lover of course," I replied, and then she laughs in a sweet high key. "Why I have never been in love, except—" and then she blushes beautifully.

I being the self assumed matchmaker wants a full understanding of the case. It develops that she is the wrong sister and that it is her other sister that the Prince is smitten with. This other sister was pleading a headache and could not come to the party. I was perfectly satisfied with that part of it but now I wanted to know about that other love affair of hers.

She looked at me in surprise, blushing again in her most beautiful manner, "Don't you know?" she says.

And right there I sees it all. She has just the same as told me to speak for myself, John. Well I wastes no time and asks her in gentle tones to be my one woman and she falls on my neck instead of the Prince's.

This other sister is still desperately in love with the Prince as I learns from Gwen. I transports the news to the Prince and thus we have three light hearted people in the party. The old Duke still shows his liking for the money but nobody cares now and as soon as the Prince is married to his other daughter he will be happy too.

We Americans don't waste time so it wasn't long until I was sailing home with my brand new bride. Perhaps Mrs. Ching will tell you a few things some day.

THE LIBRARY

No Wonder

"Hi, there! Wait a bit," said a maiden one day
To a tall lovely youth who was passing that way,
I've a load here to carry for nearly a mile,
Come help me, kind sir, and I'll make it worth while.

He kindly assented—as a gentleman should,
The way led them thru a dark lonely wood.
"Ho! ho!" thot the maid, "I'll tease him a while"
And she turned upon him with a villainous smile.

Young sir, do you know why
I've brot you out here
From the bright cheery sunshine to this
Forest so dear?

The youth, somewhat startled by her dangerous mien,
Yet managed to grin—altho faint he did seem,
"Please tell me," he whispered in a voice of emotion
"I haven't the very remotingest notion."

"Well, sir," she thrill'ngly whispered quite low,
"Why I brot you out here—I'm sure I don't know."

The youth then assumed a masterly air,
He looked very grand—so tall and so fair,
"Perhaps not, my dear girl—but I'm sure that I do."
He held out his arms—"I leave the rest to you."

E. L. S., '22.

An Incident in a Lumber Camp

The log train whistled and slowly drew to a standstill. I climbed down from the caboose. "So this is Camp Five," I said. It was located in the folds of a mountain, on every side of which arose majestic peaks, heavily wooded with spruce, hemlock and hardwood. A creek wound its way down the ravine. On each side of the railroad were huge piles of logs.

A few men on the platform to receive the supplies eyed me keenly but greeted me kindly. The cook seemed to rgard me as a motherless chick and took me under his protecting wing. I presently found myself in a dining room toasting my benumbed body. A few minutes later my sense of comfort was increased by a slab of pork sandwiched in a biscuit and a huge triangle of pie, all of which I washed down my esophegus with a steaming cup of coffee, to my intense satisfaction. The cook told me it would be three hours until the men returned and asked me to make myself comfortable. Acting on his suggestion I utilized the time in getting familiar with the camp and its surroundings.

It was a typical lumber camp, with a very large, rudely-constructed two-story building about eighty by thirty feet. The first floor contained three separate compartments. The entrance was into the lobby. In this were a number of stools, boxes, and a barrel of water into which the men dipped the basin for water to wash. There was a sink to carry off the waste water. In the center of the room was a large heating stove in which a blazing fire roared. The dining room was equipped with two large tables running the entire length of the room, on either side of which were benches which when not in use were shoved under the tables. Seventy men, daily were served at these tables. The kitchen was a spacious room in which were an immense stove, two tables, a commodious sink, and a wood box. Stacks of dishes were piled on the drain; on the wall near the stove hung all sorts and descriptions of cook untensils. To the left of the entrance was an open stairway built against the wall with the other side unprotected.

The second story contained one large sleeping room in which was a row of beds along each side wall and two rows of beds running through the center of it. At each end was a window and at each side there were two. Here and there, scattered about the room were trunks and suit cases, while clothing was suspended from the cross-beams and the ceiling.

I noticed several buildings—a blacksmith shop, a commissary, a meat house and a big barn in which the thirty-two horses were stabled. Some of these noble animals were bays, some grays and some blacks. Their sleek glossy coats and plump bodies gave evidence of good care and generous feeding. A number of hogs roamed at large about the barn-yard and some hens were in the hay-mow digging industriously for seed.

It was five o'clock when the men began to collect in the lobby, by twos, threes, and half-dozens. There was a loud stamping of snow from their feet, while they removed their wet coats, mittens, arctics and leggings, hanging them to dry on pegs about the room. All were warming and washing their faces preparatory to the evening meal.

At first little was said; but as they began to thaw out, there was lots of good natured jollity. Mysterious Sam, who held himself aloof from the other men and who was regarded as an object of curiosity, gruffly related the difficulty he had encountered when his horses were pulled over the log dump; whereupon he was told by Jack the Know-it-all that he had been reminded before if he didn't stop using that swamp hook that that very thing

would happen. Just then the supper bell rang. It had an electric effect upon the men for they crowded into the dining room and found their places. The table was groaning beneath its load of roast beef, potatoes, beans, cabbage, hot biscuits, pie, cake, pickles, butter, and molasses.

They passed the "chawk water," "spuds," "cow," "salve," "punk" and "Java." By close observation I learned these names were substitutes for milk, potatoes, beef, butter, bread, and coffee. The conversation was rather general. One jovial, good- natured fellow called to the lad seated at his left to whom nature had bequeathed a nose of unusual proportions, "Nosey, move your head so I can see what is on the table at the other end." A group at another part of the table was discussing the Spanish-American War, while others were talking of home . As usual, Sam (he was known only as Sam) took no part in the discussion. His taciturnity had become proverbial, and he was regarded by his fellows as an unsocial creature having some grievance against human kind. Sometimes, however, when a child would happen to be in camp, Sam's attitude would change. He smiled occasionally and a tear at times would come to his eye.

When supper was over Sam with some others filed into the lobby, others to the barn to care for the horses, and some to bed. In the lobby some lively airs issued forth from the throat of a violin and banjo. Pat, the only son of Erin in the camp, danced some jigs and sang some favorite Irish melodies. Sam sat aloof as usual watching morosely a game of cards. In the kitchen there was a jingling of dishes and pans, as the cook cleared the table, washed the dishes and prepared the kitchen for breakfast. I went out to the spring to get some water for the cook. It was a zero night. I shivered and drew my coat closely about my neck. There was no moon and the darkness was so dense I could feel it, while the wind moaned a melancholy wail as it whistled through the trees, and here and there, the timber cracked from the frost and the cold. The cookee showed me the bunk upon which I was to sleep. By ten every one was in bed with a sense of comfort and security.

About four o'clock, I awakened from my sleep by the cry of Fire! Fire! Fire! Instantly I aroused the fellows next to my bunk and yelled Fire! Some one tried to strike matches but they would not burn. My eyes smarted, the smoke almost suffocated me, there was a shuffle of feet toward me. I jerked out the window with my hands, the glass flying in every direction and was climbing over me. Loosening my hold, I fell to the ground, stunned from the fall, sick from the smoke, may hands bleeding and the skin erased from my knee down, yet with unbroken bones. Some one grabbed me and dragged me to safety. I revived and opened my eyes. Some victims, who had come to the stairway, where they had been overcome by smoke and pitched headlong, were being carried to safety.

By this time the building was ablaze from top to bottom. A son called piteously to his father for help. Help seemed impossible; but while two men held the father to keep him from rushing madly into the flames, Sam, the mysterious, threw himself into the midst of the smoke and flames. In a few moments he reappeared, bearing the body of the unconscious boy. The situation was desperate. Men were bewildered; but Sam, whose hair, hands, face and sleeping garments were seared and burned, remained cool and collected. He commanded the men to carry water to save the barn, to remove the blankets from the horses, and wrap them about the shivering bodies of the men who had secured no clothes in their escape. When this supply was exhausted, he had the men carried to the hay-mow and covered with hay.

In less than thirty minutes the fire had wrought its havoc, the malignant flames leaped into the air, then vanished later to revive. I fancied I

could see the faces of the victims in the flames pleading for rescue, for even Sam's courage and alacrity could not save all.

Seven charred, unrecognizable bodies were taken from the ruins and placed in boxes. Pat, who was very large, was identified by his size; Joe, by his silver watch; Jack's pipe told who he was, and Andy was identified by a ring he wore; three others were recognized merely by the position of the beds in which they slept.

A message was sent to the nearest camp some four miles away, and intelligence of the conflagration was sent to the nearest town eighteen miles away. In response relief came about eight o'clock in the morning in the way of food and what clothes could be gathered up, from Camp Four. Only sick, sad, tear-stained faces greeted my eyes. Some were almost frozen, others were badly burned in attempts to rescue, while all were silent and down-cast. At noon the train arrived; men were carried to it wrapped in blankets. Some had on odd shoes, trousers that were too long or too short, some were bare-headed, while others had their heads covered with make-shifts. Several had feed sacks tied on their legs, which served as socks, shoes and pantaloons. The day was bitter cold; snow had pelted down since seven o'clock and spread a blanket over the horrid scene, save the camp which as yet was smoldering.

The whistle blew a melancholy note and the train carrying it's human cargo of sorrow and death wound its way slowly down the ravine.

Sam, who had showed a presence of mind that was remarkable as his air of mystery was unfathomable, remained with the survivors to care for the horses and re-construct the camp. He was seized by the men, raised to their shoulders and carried to the commissary where they overwhelmed him with gratitude. He was a hero and daily grew in esteem.

Whether it was the softening influence of his own heroism during the great fire or whether it was the mellowing touch of time, Sam one day revealed to me the tragedy of his past. In a drunken fit he had killed his only son and the mother had died of grief. Sam, not as a refugee from justice but in the hope of escaping his terrible remorse fled from the scene of the tragedy and took up his life anew in the pioneer camp of the great northwest.

The Hallowe'en Party

The Hallowe'en party given in October by the student body was one of the most delightful social events of the fall term. Probably the unusually large attendance of the faculty and student body was responsible to a great extent for the spirit of friendliness and informality. The Gymnasium was the scene of such mirth and jollity as it seldom sees. Those in attendance were costumed as jolly clowns, shepherdesses, "country jokes" and immigrants. Among the evening's diversions were such favorites as: Farmer in the Dell, Strip the Willow, Square Dances and fortune telling. Miss Dowd and Mr. Barnes proved themselves adepts at the art of square dancing. Miss Toivonen with her cards was easily the most popular fortune-teller. Refreshments consisting of doughnuts and cider, were served. The climax of this happy evening came when Mr. Johnson appeared with his camera to take our pictures in festive attire.

The Junior and Senior Reception

The annual Junior and Senior reception was held October the eighth. It was one of the brilliant social events of the year, and was looked forward to by both students and faculty.

The reception was held in the Normal School building. The rooms were beautifully decorated with the autumn colors. Several kinds of amusements were indulged in, but dancing was the chief feature of the evening. Delicious refreshments were served at a late hour.

The event was well attended by the student body and faculty.

The Spring Reception

Friday evening, April 22, the annual spring reception was given in honor of the new spring students. The affair was voted by all the most enjoyable party of this year. The study hall and the library were completely renovated into one big room, where the students and their guests enjoyed cards, other games, and dancing.

A feature game of the evening was an advertisement guessing contest. On the walls were twenty advertisements. The names of the advertisers had been clipped off and the idea was to guess all of the advertisements you could. Miss Ruth Shough guessed fourteen out of the possible twenty and a large box, presumably candy, was presented to her. A booby prize was also given. Two or three tied for this prize. It is not known who won the little torn which was given, but it is enough to say that Miss Prichard was one who was tied for that honorable position.

Another big feature of the reception was the refreshments. On the second floor sandwiches and coffee were served.

Many visitors were present.

THE LIBRARY BOOK SHELVES

ATHLETICS

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Athletics

At the beginning of the year the Athletic Association decided to stick as close to the constitution as possible.

For a few years after the war it was impossible to stick to the letter of the law as laid down by the constitution. There were very few boys in the school and those that were here did not have much time for Athletics.

This year we had a larger number of boys from which to select our various teams. We have succeeded in sticking to the spirit of the constitution. This has caused us to lose a great many games, as our boys are all small and for the most part rather inexperienced. Even with this handicap we have had the support of the student body and faculty more than ever before.

A girls' basketball team was organized this year which was also run strictly according to the constitution. They had much better luck than the boys and bid fair to become the state champions.

Both of the teams and the Athletic Association are looking forward to the day when the stand that has been taken this year will bear fruits and the Normal will stand for something big in the athletic world of West Virginia.

We feel sure that this will never be unless the constitution or one similar is set up and followed. Now that the attendance is getting larger, we feel that this can, and will be done in the future.

Athletic Association

President ..... Henry Ferguson
Vice President ..... Ernest Stewart
Secretary ..... Clalie Ervin
Treasurer ..... Miss Toivonen

Representatives

Senior Normal ..... Ruth Feather
Junior Normal ..... Lazier McGee
Short Course ..... Eliza Bracey
Academics ..... Daniel Davis

UPPER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—LAZIER McGEE, HENRY FERGUSON, ERNEST STEWART.

LOWER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—CLALIE ERVIN, RUTH FEATHER, MISS TOIVONEN.

Boys' Basket Ball

Basketball in the Normal School for the season of 1920-21 could hardly be called a success. Because of the lack of experienced material, Coach Toothman could not produce a first class team, one that could successfully compete with college teams. There was, however, no lack of interest on the part of the boys, many of whom had never played on any regular team before. All winter athletics in Fairmont were particularly lax this year because of the evangelistic services held here. The boys who were on the Normal team deserve a good deal of credit, not for what they accomplished, but for the valiant efforts they made. Most of them stuck by the team the whole season and practiced regularly.

Leonard Romino deserves special mention because he was undoubtedly the best man on the team. He is a graduate of Fairmont High School and was a member of their regular team. He played forward. Henry Ferguson and Garret Hunt likewise deserve much credit for the excellent service they rendered as guards. Seldon Dean, also a graduate of Fairmont High School, played center in a creditable manner. Clark Brown brought much honor to himself as a forward. The trusty and faithful subs, Hall, Giffin, Durrett, Stewart, Tarleton, Knight, and McCray all of whom received the Normal Basketball trophy, should be given much credit for the excellent practices they gave the regulars.

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—STEWART, HUNT; MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—DEAN, DURRETT, KNIGHT, TARLETON; LOWER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—GIFFIN, ROMINO, FERGUSON.

Personal Write-Ups

HENRY FERGUSON

Ferguson played a startling game,
His form, exquisite, it brought him fame.

GARRETT HUNT

Hunt came in the last of the year,
But he could play and the stands did cheer.

LEONARD ROMINO

Leonard was the pride of the school,
He made a hit with the girls, as a rule.

PAUL McCRAY

McCray, a man of great ability,
Was our man of general utility.

ERNEST STEWART

Stewart played a forward position,
He played it like any good musician.

CLARK BROWN

Brown was small but had lots of pep
He quickly earned a well deserved "rep."

LINN HALL

Hall, who is now assistant editor,
Played for Mary, his bright-eyed creditor.

SELDON DEAN

Dean was a husky, with bright red hair,
A good loser, and ne'er would despair.

ARBAN TARLETON

Tarleton, long and loose in the joints,
In several games made a hit without points.

SAM ROCK

Sam waved a wicked arm at center,
But gave out when Lucille would enter.

LOUIS GIFFIN

Giffin was a faithful boy,
But he could not give up his joy (Cigarettes).

CHARLES DURRETT

Durrett was a forward on the second team,
We never caught him in a dream (?)

ALBERT KNIGHT

Knight, a pool and poker shark
On all trips he was there for a lark.

Wearers of F. S. N. S.

Boys

Leonard Romino	Clark Brown	Linn Hall
Henry Ferguson	Paul McCray	Albert Knight
Garrett Hunt	Charles Durrett	Louis Giffin
Seldon Dean	Ernest Stewart	Sam Rock

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—GUNDLACH, COACH TOIVONEN; MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—PARRILL, BUSH, TABLER, HESS; LOWER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—TURKOVICH, GARRETT, CAPTAIN, FEATHER.

Girls' Basket Ball

The privilege of having a girls' basketball team finally floated into our harbor with the promise of staying. Some restrictions which have proven quite satisfactory, were enforced by a committee of students and teachers. We were allowed a game every two weeks, which meant about six in all. Five of those have been played, four having been won. The other one will be played soon.

Two Senior girls took half of their teacher training by having a class in basketball each. These classes began after the first nine weeks of school. Much interest was shown in them from the first, and they were quite a large factor in developing the team. Then the second semester Miss Tiovonen formed a class.

Never were mortals happier or more surprised than when we journeyed down to Salem and won the first game. It didn't seem possible that we could ever amount to anything in the athletic world and in fact we hadn't hoped to. We didn't stop with that one victory but came home and plunged into practice harder than ever with zeal. We never knew what to expect from other teams, as girls' teams are not so popular yet; that made the games even more thrilling.

It seems we have the habit of not playing our best until the last of the game. Our floor is so large and we always have such good practices every day and for such long periods that we are all good for long hard playing. Every girl on the team is right up to the minute in health, which is a strong force in a team.

Every one says we could have and should have won the game we lost at Elkins. They say we didn't want to win and just thought they'd beat us and we didn't half try. I don't know whether that was the reason or not, but I know that a lot is in the team's attitude. Once when "time out" was called during that game there was just a minue and a half to play. The score stood 15-22, favoring D. & E. Well, an electric current must have passed thru all of us, for we played like mad.

Two field goals were made, then the whistle blew. I thought of what Billy Sunday had said about Queen Elizabeth, who had three hundred thousand dresses and all the other things queens have, who said when dying "All my possessions for a moment of time." I thought what wouldn't I give for just a few more minutes! All I can advocate to remedy such things is to increase the playing time; fifteen minutes seems like about three when one is playing.

Our next game after this was with Wesleyan and we determined to play from the start. And play we did as we had never before. The first half ended 9-2 in our favor. The visitors played better in the second half but couldn't make up what they had already lost.

Every one liked the Lyceum-Mozart game and the Junior-Senior game. There was quite a bit of competition and much school spirit was shown.

We always get a lot of pleasure out of the regular games but I must say that it is hard to beat the genuine good times we have in our basketball classes. Four of the six on the regular team are Seniors but that's not saying there won't be anyone left for a team next year. There are plenty of Juniors who are good players. Almost every high school has a girls' team now and there will be many good players coming in next year. Here's hoping they keep up and surpass the good record the team made in 1921.

Personal Writeups

1. ZARA GARRETT, Captain. (Forward).

Zara has proved to us that she is very capable of holding her position as captain. Without Zara we would not have been able to win the games we have won. She led in the scoring both years that she has been with us. Without a doubt she is the surest shot in the state.

2. RUTH FEATHER, Manager. (Guard).

Ruth is a strong and clever player. She can hold her end of the floor down very well. For guarding the basket and clever passes she cannot be beat. From the games that were scheduled this year we can see that she has been a good manager. Ruth can also fill a referee's place. She has refereed several games out of town during the season.

3. MARY STURM. (Guard).

Mary is a small and serious minded girl. She may seem to be too small to guard, but you can never go by the size. Her guarding has been of the best type. She can also fill the position as forward very well.

4. MARY TURKOVICH. (Forward).

Last year Turk played guard but this year she switched to forward. She has proved to be capable of holding her position. She is not a very accurate shot, but at team work she cannot be excelled. She will be here next year to be depended upon.

5. ISABELLA TABLER. (Center).

"Issy" gets the tip-off almost every time, which helps along in the game. She can play over the floor exceedingly well. Her shooting has been very good. "Issy" is another player who will be greatly depended upon next year.

7. MARY PARRILL. (Forward).

Mary has ever been on the job. She cannot be excelled on the foul shot. Although she has not appeared on the floor very often this year, she will probably hold a permanent position next year.

8. EDYTHE HESS. (Side Center).

Edythe has not appeared on the floor very often this year because she has been giving most of her time to refereeing out of town games.

9. DAISY CROSS. (Guard).

Daisy came to us in the latter part of the season. She is an excellent player and fills the position as guard very well.

10. LUCILLE GUNDLACH. (Side Center).

Wearers of F. S. N. S.

Girls

Zara Garrett
Isabella Tabler
Mary Turkovich
Roxie Bush
Edythe Hess
Lucille Gundlach
Daisy Cross
Mary Parrill
Mary M. Sturm
Ruth Feather

Record of Games Played

Abroad.		At Home	
At Salem—		D. & E.	17
F. S. N. S.	11	F. S. N. S.	21
Salem	7	Salem	12
At Elkins—		F. S. N. S.	24
F. S. N. S.	19	Wesleyan	9
D. & E.	21	F. S. N. S.	14

All Normal Team

As a rule Walter Camp always picks an All American Football Team at the close of the football season. Since we had no football team we will pick an All American Basketball Team. We believe that this is something new and that we can be of great service to the country by so doing. For this team we have considered all the great players of the country but they have narrowed down to the following:

FRST TEAM

Romino (Captain)	Guard
Ferguson	Guard
Tabler	Center
Brown	Forward
Z. Garrett	Forward

SECOND TEAM

Hunt	Guard
Little M. Sturm (Captain)	Guard
Rock	Center
Knight	Forward
Hall	Forward

THIRD TEAM

Dean	Guard
Feather	Guard
Bush	Center
Durrett (Captain)	Forward
Turkovoch	Forward

HONORABLE MENTION

Stewart, Giffin, McCray, Parrill, Gundlach, Cross.

Monongahela Valley Tournament

The second annual Monongahela Valley High School Basketball Tournament was held on the Normal Gym floor February 25 and 26, with record crowds in attendance. Twenty-two teams from this section of the state were entered.

The line-up for the five different sessions and their scores were:

	Friday Afternoon.	Score.	
	1 2	1	2
1.	Masontown vs Blacksville	25	15
2.	Wadestown vs. West Milford	16	13
3.	Rivesville vs. Tunnelton	20	15
4.	Grafton vs. Belington	12	16
5.	Lumberport vs. Elkins	14	30
6.	Jane Lew vs. Shinnston	13	11
7.	Buckhannon vs. Mannington	25	8
8.	Kingwood vs. Salem	10	20
	Friday Night.		
9.	Fairview vs. East Side	39	10
10.	Weston vs. Fairmont	24	23
11.	Farmington vs. Victory	16	40
12.	Shinnston vs. Grafton	11	26
13.	East Side vs. Kingwood	18	16
14.	Masontown vs. Farmington	13	18
15.	Fairmont vs. Mannington	30	22
16.	West Milford vs. Lumberport	15	19
	Saturday Morning.		
17.	Blacksville vs. Wadestown	16	22
18.	Rivesville vs. Belingon	14	21
19.	Elkins vs. Jane Lew	29	10
20.	Salem vs. Buckhannon	8	23
21.	Fairview vs. Weston	33	16
22.	Victory vs. Grafton	18	23
23.	East Side vs. Farmington	16	17
24.	Fairmont vs. Lumberport	30	21
	Saturday Afternoon.		
25.	Wadestown vs. Belington	33	21
26.	Elkins vs. Buckhannon	15	24
27.	Fairview vs. Grafton	37	23
28.	Farmington vs. Fairmont	14	16
	Saturday Night.		
29.	Wadestown vs. Buckhannon	15	28
30.	Fairview vs. Fairmont	19	21
	FINALS		
31.	Fairmont vs. Buckhannon	12	20

The members of the Normal boys' basketball team met the different teams and took them to their hotels, showed them around, gave them their meal tickets and were in general at the teams' disposal during their stay in Fairmont.

The people attending the tournament were also well taken care of. They could get their meals at the Y. W. C. A. Lunch Room, and, as they had very little time between sessions, they had just about time to eat and get back to the gym before the next session.

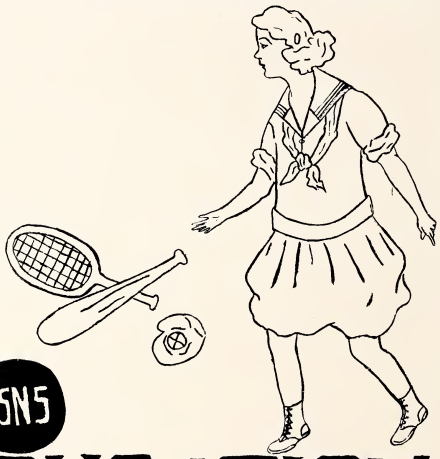
The Boy Scouts sold candy, pop, and other refreshments, and the Normal Y. W. C. A. girls sold candy, so the crowds were well provided with refreshments during the games.

The Wadestown team showed great skill in team work and stayed in until they met Buckhannon in the semi-finals. Elkins showed they had the push in them. They had one of their men put out, which unnerved them a little, but with Captain Brown urging them on, they put up a good fight against Buckhannon. With Morris in as forward Fairmont gained a victory from Fairview, a long rival of this team. Morris was the only one making a score during the game. All the other teams showed great skill in their playing. Buckhannon proved true to everybody's expectations by coming out on the top after defeating Wadestown in the semi-finals and Fairmont in the finals.

Many of the individual prizes given went to boys of the Fairmont High School. The prize given for the best shooter of fouls in the tournament went to Minter of Victory, his record being eight fouls out of eight chances. Troxell of Fairmont won the prize for the greatest number of field baskets in any one game, getting 10 field baskets in one game. Troxell also got the prize for the most field baskets of the tournament, getting 19, with Morris of Fairmont, second with 18. Troxell carried away his third individual prize for scoring the most points in the tournament, which was 54, Morris of Fairmont was second with 53. Troxell and Morris were tied for scoring the most points in any one game, which was 21. This proves Troxell and Morris the heroes of the tournament.

V. R. H.

PHYSICAL



FSNS

EDUCATION

ERM

The physical training department of the F. S. N. S. plays an important part in the life of our school. It is the center of student activities among which are numbered basketball, tennis, games, hikes and other sports. The atmosphere in and around the gymnasium is one of good cheer and many a happy and useful hour has been spent there. Many of the lessons of true sportsmanship, self-confidence and co-operation with others that we have learned will help us to guide our future.

"To play the game with all your might
And never once give up the fight;
Scorning to stoop to means unfair
To take a beating like a man
And smile the harder if you can
Ill fortune steadfastly to greet,
Nor try to alibi defeat.
Accord your conqueror his due
Making him feel respect for you.
To wear your honors modestly
Nor gloat or boast o'er victory.
Few praises mean so much, in short,
As being called a true-blue sport."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION CLASS

That Election

By H. Sutton Sharp.

An election was in order
One sunny Thursday morn.
The idea was peculiar,
To one Linn Hall 'twas born.

His thought was an election
Of the prettiest and the best.
Of course his mind was set on
Having Mary lead the rest.

And so he quite persuaded them,
The Mound Staff in their glory,
But let us turn the stanzas back,
We're straying from our story.

Young Hall passed out the ballots,
And collected them, it's true,
But he was just as honest,
As even I and you.

There's Ervin proved most popular,
And Gundlach, swellest looker,
With Issy Tabler coming next.
Some votes, they must have took 'er.

Then Hall himself, among the girls,
Was said to look the nicest.
'Tis true he has a pretty face
But he is not precisest.

Toivonen as a teacher
Completely swamped the others.
And loving sole, Jo Maple,
We are, everyone, her brothers.

There's Old Dominion Ferguson
Was third to be best looking,
I'm sure 'twas not his looks so much
As was his manner, "tooking."

Now then I think I've covered all,
But if not please pray for me,
For then, as sure as teachers talk,
Some persons will lay for me.

PUSH BALL IN THE GYM

THE WHEELBARROW ACT

As They Will Apply

By H. Sutton Sharp.

Fairmont, W. Va.
June 1, 1921.

Principle of Blank School,
My Dear Mr. Jones:

I am a young woman of reasonable age and I don't contemplate marriage. I do however wish to teach school and I would particularly like to teach in your school. I like to teach, having had a day's experience substituting. I find that I can amuse the students very well and I believe that the sense of humor is paramount in the teaching of a child. I have been ably instructed in phychology by Professor Shreve and I assure you that I will introduce some of the same methods of teaching, such as the vision tests, the tests for color blindness and the motivation of the recitation.

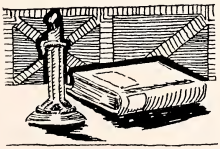
As to me personally, I am young, and the men at the Normal have often called me pretty. I assure you that I do not smoke cigarettes, and I use so little powder that it can hardly be noticed. As for rouge, I abhor it. My habits are good and I get up at unearthly hours in the morning—if I feel like it. I seldom stay up later than eight o'clock. I am a good worker and I believe strongly in the use of moving pictures as an educational department in the school.

I hope you will give me this position for I should dearly love to teach your darling children and I feel it will be such an inspiration to work with you.

Mr. Barnes said that I should send to but one school at a time and I am following his advice. I am having five hundred copies of this letter made because you never can tell how other people are going to take one. I feel sure you will take me and I am waiting expectantly for your reply. Have no fears as to my ability. Any number of the Normal children can convince you of my teaching prowess.

Hopefully yours,

MARY JANE SMITH.



OUR GYMNASIUM

Junior Class Prophesy

O thou, Tyche, in whose divine hands are the fates of mortal men, I pray thee, draw aside the dusky curtains that conceal the future of the Junior class of the F. S. N. S. I implore thee to open thy portals to your mysterious realms and allow me to see thy arts, in order that I may prophesy with accuracy. Inspire me with thine power.

"Just think how far we are from home," said Clalie as we both were comfortably seated on the boat. "We have traveled now for four days and haven't seen any of our old schoolmates." Just as she said this I noticed someone looking at us, so I said, "Look there! Who's that?" To our astonishment it was Frances McCray. As soon as she recognized us she came over and made herself known saying that she was going to Paris to study Art. We were somewhat surprised because Frances didn't seem to care much for art when we went to school together. I noticed that she was carrying some papers and magazines. As soon as I saw them I aimlessly grabbed hoping I could hit upon some home news. To my surprise there was a Fairmont paper.

Clalie came up and politely turned the front page to the society column. What do you suppose we saw? I don't like to keep you in suspense so I will tell you. It was an announcement of Ethelyn Ice's marriage of April 17. And to think we didn't get to attend it!

Having finished this account I was about to lay aside the paper when something in another column attracted my attention: "Ruth Eliason, a noted pianist, will accompany Josephine Maple, an accomplished singer this evening at the Grand in New York."

I noted this with interest but just then Frances said, "Oh! girls did you know that Irene Tetrick had a Marinello Shop at Forbes and Atwood stree's, Pittsburgh? She has been there for a year or so but she is to be married in June, so I guess she will reside in Clarksburg."

I turned to the advertisements and in large letters I read "Special Lessons in Cicero." I don't know what made me read the rest of the ad but I did. Very well do I remember how I hated Latin when I took it. Guess whose name was signed at the bottom—a girl whose nickname had been "Cicero," Anna Lewis! And to think she was giving Cicero lessons! What a coincidence.

While glancing over the bottom of the sheet I perceived another advertisement that interest me somewhat: "At the Robinson Grand Today—Isabella Tabler, Genevieve Hess and Lucille Gundlach in "The Triangle."

By this time I was beginning to think that our home paper by some rare coincidence was nothing but a history of the Junior class of F. S. N. S. It was a pleasure to read all this news for I hadn't been to Fairmont for two years. I had spent all my time taking vocal lessons from Prof. Wetherspoon in New York. Just as I had completed my music I received a letter from Clalie telling me that she was going to France. In a few days she arrived in New York already to sail. I decided that I would go with her so I packed my clothes, anxious of course, that I would hear all the news on our journey.

After a fortnight of sailing we land at Brest. We walked proudly up the street and over a door hung this sign "Brest Service Co." As we pass-

ed by we saw a man leaning over the counter . At first we didn't recognize him but after walking several blocks we remembered that it was Albert Knight.

After spending a day in Brest we went to Paris. There we saw a large bronze tablet made in honor of the boys who died in defense of their country at the battle of Hill No. 72. Among the names that were of interest to me were: Paul McCray, Lazier McGee, Leonard Romino, Thomas Springer and Jennings Criss. Tears of sorrow rolled down my cheek as I recalled their noble faces. Poor souls! They're gone. But alas their names are wreathed with glory.

At Paris we left Frances and went to Nice. We spent a great deal of our time sight seeing. As we passed through the business section of Nice we saw large posters. On these were printed "See the Black Faced Comedians," "Also Fancy Dancing." After recalling how Sutton Sharp, Linn Hall and Sam Rock had performed for us in a minstrel we decided to see this, thinking it would refresh our memories of them. After securing seats we anxiously waited for the performance to begin. At last they appeared. One said "Sam remember that time I called—Then some one else interrupted, saying, "Yes, Sutton, I know," and still another said, "Oh girls listen to me." I knew at once that these three fellows were Sutton, Linn and Sam. After the intermission three girls came out on the stage and did some fancy dancing. I recognized them as Edith Hite, Willa Collins and Virginia Lough, three of our classmates.

We could hardly believe our eyes when on leaving the theatre a man approached us smiling—here it was Ernest Stewart. He was the manager of this entertainment troupe. How funny—manager again!

After spending several days in Nice we returned to Paris, then to Brest, and a day later sailed for home. A fortnight later I was home telling my friends all about my trip and about seeing such a great number of the F. S. N. S. alumni of 1922.

PAULINE BOGGESS.

We Would Like to See---

Shorty Thompson grow.

Bessie Ammons skip a class.

Bud Durrett with a hair-cut.

Arban Tarleton think of something else besides his own good looks.

Eleanor McElroy when she wasn't talking about the literary societies.

Sutton Sharp serious.

More students at chapel.

Margaret Duckwall let her (?) alarm clock ring again in Mr. Shreve's class.

Lazier McGee take spelling.

John Ammons sing.

Anna Lewis become a tennis champion.

Louis Giffin get a new laugh.

Jennings Criss with a girl.

Irene Stanhagen when she didn't have her History.

Mary Frum angry.

A Little Brightness

Many a girl uses powder because she hasn't the cheek to do without it.

Laugh and the world laughs with you—but the teacher doesn't always.

"Do you love me," said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"Oh, you sweet thing," said the paper bag.

"Here's where I make a name for myself," said the forger as he reached for his fountain pen.

Sea water is strong because it is full of muscles.

Why some people never have a headache—nothing there to ache.

If the dipper would disappear would the moon get full again?

We all make mistakes—that's why they put rubber on lead pencils.

To be able to speak fluently on the liquor question, one must be full of the subject.

"Foiled," sobbed the yeast cake, as it was being wrapped in its glittering cover.

To Henry Ferguson, Editor-in-Chief of the Mound, a great deal of credit is due. When our staff became languid, which it did at times, his constant effort kept thing from lagging, and too much praise can not be given to him. He was always found at his desk in the Mound and Bulletin office pounding on his typewriter with his own system of "Hunt 'em and Hit 'em."

As a whole the staff worked very earnestly, but of course as in the case of every staff, there were a few who shirked their work.

To the students in the various English classes who contributed stories and articles to the staff we take this opportunity to extend our appreciation.

Mr. Sharp of the Bulletin was a great help to us. He, besides contributing his Ching W Lardmore story, wrote several articles and helped us make our dummy of this book. He has had experience in this line, having been editor of last year's Fairmont High School annual.

A feature of this issue is the number of pictures of our building. These pictures will be of interest to high school students and may influence them to come here.

We hope the readers of this book will find as much pleasure in reading our work as we found in compiling it and we present this book for your approval.

LINN V. HALL, Asst. Editor-in-Chief.

The manager of an annual experiences great difficulties, and at times even faces problems in connection with different phases of the work; but since those upon whom the manager had to depend lightened these difficulties, a word of appreciation is gladly extended.

To the Fairmont Printing Company, we are indebted for the prompt service and excellent work rendered. They also gave us great assistance along the line of editing, without which, our book might not have been what it is.

The Canton Engraving Company has done excellent work on our engravings, and have always been very prompt in returning them.

Mr. Johnson, the photographer, has done his best to produce good photographs of every one, and we must say he has accomplished his aim.

Since we had no advertising this year, we have received a donation from the State, without which we would have been hard pressed for funds, and for which the school as a whole is very grateful.

Last, but not least, we wish to express our thanks to the members of the faculty, from whom great assistance was received. Mr. Lively has displayed great managing ability, without which our financial condition might have been more of a question. Mr. Barnes very faithfully managed the literary part of the book, for which we are duly appreciative.

To each we are equally thankful, since it would have been almost impossible to publish the Mound this year without their assistance.

CLALIE ERVIN, Business Manager.

JOKES

Faculty Sayings

Mr. Shreve: "How's your coperocity sagatiation."

Miss Toivonen: "Now this is the thing."

Miss Noland: "I know."

Miss Prichard: "Can you justify your statement?"

Mrs. Morrow: "Why it's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard."

Miss Briggs: "Now please give me your attention."

Miss Gaskill: "What is the proportion of white sauce."

Mr. Rodgers: "Class, have you learned anything this period?"

Miss Dowd: "What important thing did this man give to music?"

Mr. Lively: "The next number of the Lecture Course will be highly instructive and entertaining."

Mr. Mercer: "You students wouldn't believe me at the first of the year when I told you you would flunk."

Mr. White: "Has she answered my question?"

Mr. Barnes: "I'm thinking of getting a steam-roller that will fit in the hall, and starting at one end, roll down toward the library. I may get the students to the library or drop them into class rooms along the way."

Dr. Turner: "I liked chapel fine this morning."

Mrs. Ashcraft: "Anybody that would steal candy from the Y. W. C. A. ought to be shot."

Mrs. McKinney: "There's too much confusion in the room."

Miss Ice: "I want to see two or three girls immediately after chapel."

Mr. Rosier: "Are there any announcements to be made?"

Anna Bogdonavich: "Miss Dowd, why must we remember this man?"
Miss Dowd (Wool gathering): "Oh, because he's down in Florida."

Mrs. Morrow (in English): "Mr. McQuain, what was the exciting force?"
Adam McQuain (intently watching a tennis game and hearing the score, "love game" called, answered): "Love game."

Mr. Rodgers (exolaining the Doppler effect to a class in physics): "When a train is approaching you, the sound waves enter your ears four and a half feet apart."
Tim Vandergrift: "Oh, honest Mr. Rodgers, my ears are not that large, you must be thinking of Holland Davis."

Sambo (to wife at show)—"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm away from aroun' yo waist."
Mandy—"Tell him yoself. He's a perfect stranga to me."

Linn—"Yes Dad, I'm a big gun at school now."
Mr. Hall—"Why don't I hear better reports?"

Mr. Rodgers—"Now if anything goes wrong with this experiment we will all be blown sky high. Come a little closer, so you can follow me."

The Bugamist.

A June Bug married an angleworm,
An accident cut her in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy,
Now what could the poor thing do?

Lulu Goode—"Speaking of electricity, that makes me think—"
Mr. Rodgers—"Really. Isn't it remarkable what electricity will do?"

Jess Fuller (on rainy day)—"I wish I were in your shoes."
Irene Stanhagen—"Why?"
Jess—"Mine leak."

Now Stewart has no brains at all,
He always says "I don't recall."
But when he has a date with "Tish"
Believe me, he remembers this.

Alta Clayton—"Why do you insist on calling your little cold cream?"
The Mystery—"Because you are so nice to a chap."

Hunt (entering P. P. Lipson's)—"Is this a second hand store?"
Lipson—"Yes sir."
Hunt—"Well, I want one for my watch."

"How is your steak today?"
"Tender as a teacher's heart."
"Give me sausage."

Allene C.—"Why did they put Bud out of the game?"
Mary S.—"For holding."
Allene—"Now isn't that just like Bud."

Betty—"Girls, pull that blind down up here."
Lucille L.—"What's the matter, Betty, can't you sleep?"

John Ammons, talking to a boy in the eighth grade: "Paul, when your father landed in India, at what point did he land?"
Paul: "He didn't land; he was born there."

Mr. Barnes, talking to his Senior English Class:
"I often have my English class write about some individual problem—I mean my REAL English class."

Ruth Ours (on tackey day)—"All who are not dressed go down and reserve seats in chapel."

Myra Martin: "To be both cultured and efficient one must learn to get along well with her fellows."

Said the maid to the bashful young man: "I'm going ta scream anyway so you might as well kiss me."

Allene Clelland: "Are you a mind reader?"
Bud: "Yes."
Allene: "Can you read my mind?"
Bud: "Yes."
Allene: "Well, why don't you go there then?"

Wave Formations.

Tarleton came to call at half past eight,
Upon a pretty Miss,
With twinkling roguish, blue black eyes,
hair waved this.
And that like

They sat beside the open fire,
And liked it, too, I wis,
For when he left—too late to tell
hair mussed this.
Her was like

"She's full of puppy love,"
"Puppy love? Hot dog!"

Mr. Shreve: "The height of ignorance is to copy the name of the fellow sitting next to one in a written quiz."

Paul McCray (walking in a graveyard): "Wouldn't it be ghastly if all the dead people here came to life again?"
Tish (yawning): "No indeed, I wish one of them would."

Mr. Shreve, talking about the cost of living in the church schools and the state schools: "I think you will find this to be generally true, that cheaping is liver in the church schools than in the state schools."

Sutton—"See that chalk on my shoulder?"
Linn—"Yes."
Sutton—"Well, that ain't chalk."

What would happen if:

Nobody cut class?
Mary Frum were not liked?
Izzy didn't use slang?
Dr. Turner would talk to the boys?
Linn would lose Mary?
Joe would get mad?
Those elected were willing to work?
Mr. White always kept sweet?
Ruth Eliason couldn't play?
Irene Vincent wouldn't yell?
Hugh Shawhan were short and thin?
Annie Lewis would stand still one minute?
Mrs. Boatman would make a noise?
Every body took their turn in the lunch line?
Tom Springer would forget about dancing?
Pauline Boggess couldn't sing?

Sam Rock: "Dr. Turner, if I were to dress like a girl would it help my grade any?"

Izzy—Romino owns a lot of tin.

Lucille G.—He does?

Izzy—Yes, he owns a flivver.

"Thankful? What have I to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills."

"Then, man alive, be thankful you are not one of your creditors."

"Man," said Mose to Rastus after the twenty-first straight pass, "'pears impossible for all them naturals to roll out so easy. How come?"

"That's 'cause Ah was born wif a pair o' dice in mah hand, Nigger."

"Yeah," replied Mose, "and if yo'all don't rattle them bones a little bit mo' yo' is gwine die the same way."

"Why, I laughed at that joke when I was a child!" snorted the maiden editor of uncertain age—except that it was certain she would never see her thirty-ninth birthday again.

"Oh, well, at that it's comparatively new," gently answered the tactful purveyor of breezy paragraphs. And he went home with a check in his pocket.

Ex—"Weak minded?"

Exit—"Oh, simply nutty—only worth half a million and she thinks she has money."

Now—"Shaffer, do you know that woman across the street?"

Then—"She certainly looks familiar to me. Let me see: it's my wife's new dress, my daughter's hat, and my mother-in-law's parasol—sure! It's our cook."

Ah, Me.

Imagine the scene—A big comfortable chair, a beautiful girl snuggled down in it, her head leaned back so that she is looking up into the face of the man who is bending so attentively over her.

Now he reaches his arm around her. Her head is pressed against his heart. Speech at this time would be impossible.

Listen—We hear her struggled whisper: "Oh, dear, you hurt." In a low earnest voice he says: "Well, I simply cannot help hurting you a little bit. You don't mind that, do you?"

Again we hear only silence. They seem perfectly contented.

It is not long, however, that they remain in this position. He does not seem content with what he can see of her face.

Her eyes are a violet gray. He bends farther over so that he can see well into her mouth.

Because, of course, it is the dentist repairing her teeth.

Giffin—"If I said that word, I'd choke."

Davis—"Go ahead; say it."

Clerk (assesor's office)—"Fellow outside says you've assessed his real estate too little by $20,000."

Assessor—"Give him a cigar and keep him quiet until I telephone the asylum."

Tommy—"I want another box of those pills what I got for Ma yesterday."

Druggist—"Did your mother say they were good?"

Tommy—"No, but they just fit in my air-gun."

English student—"Who is making that awful noise on the piano?"

French Student—"That is one of the voice students taking her exercise."

English student—"Well, for mercy sake, tell her to take her exercise some other way."

Visitor—"What is that awful yelling?"

Resident—"Oh, that's a dentist next door. Someone is probably getting a tooth out."

Visitor—"No, not next door; I mean in the flat above."

Resident—"Oh, that's probably Newwed's baby getting one in."

A father had been scolding his six-year-old daughter. "Don't you think, Papa," the little girl said, "that just because you married mamma you have a right to be rude to all women."

Dorm Life.

The guy next door is a violinist,
The one across the hall is a pianist,
The one above is a soloist,
My roommate's a linguist,
Can you wonder that
I am a pessimist.

Same Old Story.

There was once a bellicose Sioux
Whose outlook on life grioux tioux blioux
His squaw caused him grief,
She eloped with a chief
And wrote: "I am no longer trioux tioux yioux."

Tarleton—"You look sweet enough to eat."

Shorty—"I do? Where shall we go?"

Davis—What kind of leather makes the best shoes?

McQuain—Don't know, but banana skins make good slippers.

Issy—You're positively rude. Where were you raised? In a barn?

He—No! I was raised in a cave. That's why I get homesick every time you yawn.

We laugh at the teacher's jokes
No matter what they be,
Not because they're funny
But because it's policy.

Between you and me what do you think of her?
Between you and me I shouldn't like her—but beside me—I'd love her.

What's the use of washing my hands, mother? I'm not one of those who's always raising them.

Dear Teacher—Please excuse John's absence from school yesterday as he fell in the mud. By doing same you will greatly please his mother.

"Professor," said the weeping graduate, "I am indebted to you for all I know."
"Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

Jack (over the 'phone): "Would you like to go to that play Friday night?"
Myrtle E. (excitedly): "I'd just love to."
Jack: "Well, I'm selling tickets, will you buy yours from me?"

"The Resistless Age."

Did you ever go away from home
And leave your girl and all
Tell her you are through with her
But then along towards fall
When the days grow darker
And the snow appears
You sit in your room
With your face filled with tears
You think about your old homestead
The girl, her home, and gate
Catch a train—for the village
But alas—you are too late.
(Next show at seven o'clock—Please use the rear exits.)

Many of us are fools and foolish. But some of us are not so foolish but that we are willing to do better when we know better.

Colleges were not established as training schools of fashion but as nurseries of intellect.

Had Darwin visited our college his search for the missing link would have ended successfully. It is not a question any more of our owning the chimpanzee as an ancestor but of the chimpanzee owning us.

It would be well for all of us if some of us would make a noise like a tree and leave; murmur like a brook and run; or whistle like a boat and float away.

The undertaker is a useful man but not half so busy as some people would wish him to be.

Frogs should come under the ban of prohibition because they are full of hops.

People are slow in getting out of the way of an ice wagon but the way is always clear for a fire engine. Many students that might become fire engines are coasting around with dry or frozen boilers.

To observe some people would indicate that every individual is fully equipped with several yards of special rubber.

Many students laugh at the professor's jokes not because they are funny but for the sake of policy.

Business is poor but we all feel that it is better in the next town and they feel the same about our town. This world is too full of rainbow chasers. Some miners down in Texas went up to Alaska in search of gold and left oil in their back yards. Some of our students are thinking of going exploring for knowledge at some other school and are leaving behind them the precious jewels.

Some girls pause for reflection only in front of a mirror.

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